

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 952

FEBRUARY 25, 1888

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAFIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

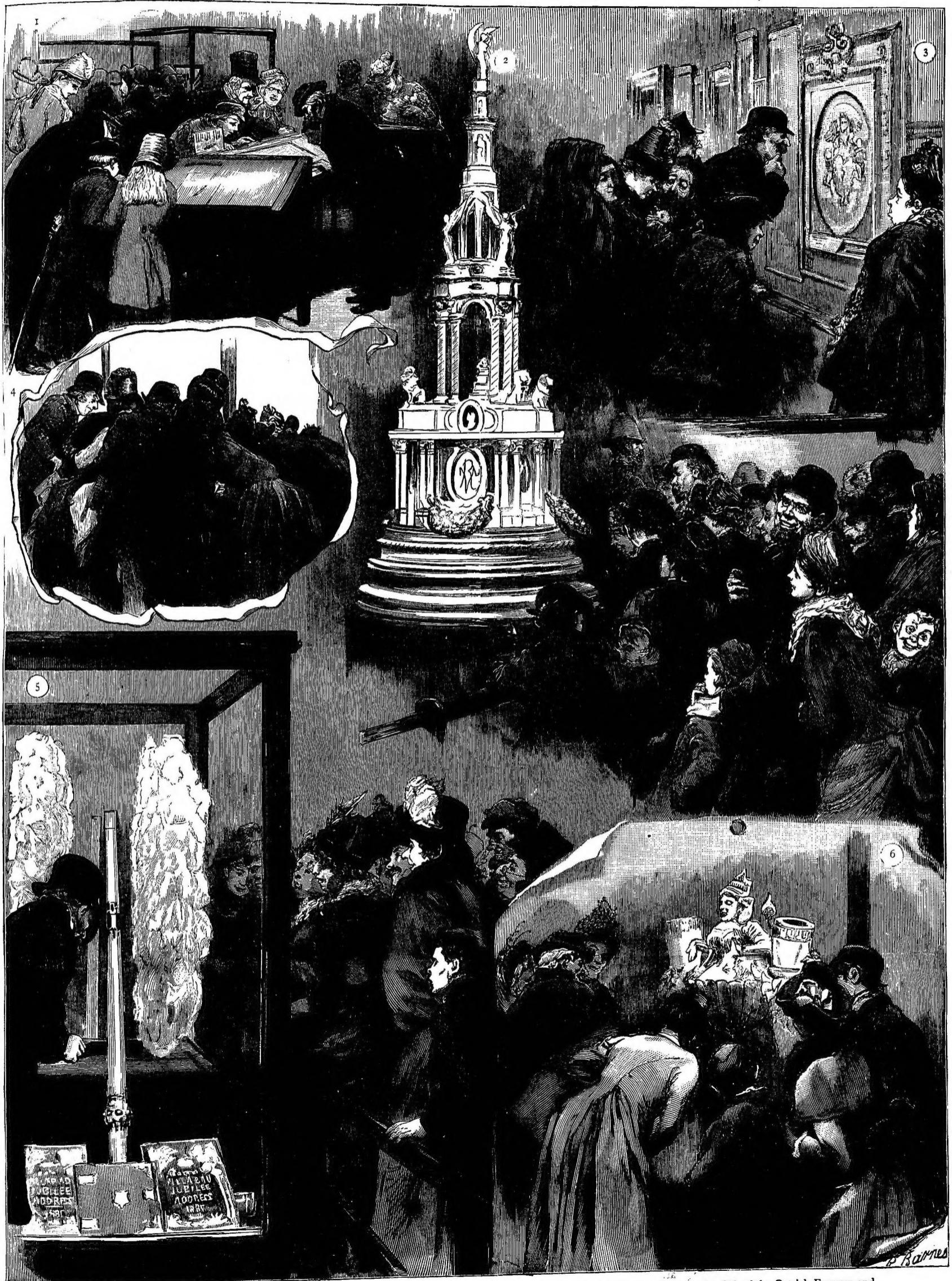
No. 952.—VOL. XXXVII.

ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1888

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



1. Inspecting Jubilee Presents

2. The Jubilee Cake

3. A Mosaic Picture from the Vatican, the Gift of His Holiness the Pope

4. An Object of Interest

5. Two Ostrich Feather Screens, the Gift of the Ostrich Farmers and
Women of the Cape

6. Luckshine, the Goddess of Prosperity, the Gift of His Highness
the Maharajah of Travancore, K.C.S.I.

EXHIBITION OF HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE PRESENTS AT THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM

Topics of the Week

REVOLUTIONISTS IN LONDON.—This week the newspapers have reported some strange and violent speeches. Mr. Cunningham Graham and Mr. John Burns, liberated from prison, have avenged their grievances by denouncing existing social arrangements with a bitterness and vehemence seldom exhibited in this country even by discontented politicians. Mr. Cunningham Graham has been careful to say that he does not think the time has come for an appeal to force for the redress of what he considers public wrongs; but Mr. Burns calls upon his fellow-workmen to prepare themselves without delay for the overthrow of the system he detests. Frock-coats and high hats, he tells us, have had their day, and must now give way to corduroys and fustian; and, in the new society, both the Tory capitalist and the Liberal juggler will disappear. Some of Mr. Burns's admirers warn the public that these expressions are not to be taken seriously, but must be understood in a Pickwickian sense. Mr. Burns, however, does not seem to be a man given to the use of meaningless phrases. If we read his character rightly, he is a straightforward, sturdy Englishman, who says exactly what he thinks, and who proposes at the earliest possible moment to give effect to his ideas. Moreover, there is good reason to suppose that his threats and denunciations accurately represent the feeling of a very considerable class of the community. The poorer classes may not be worse off than their forefathers were; but it is certain that many of them are no longer willing to regard their condition as the result of an irreversible decree of fate. Rightly or wrongly, they believe that poverty springs from injustice, and that they will have themselves to blame if they do not in the end secure what seems to them a fair share of the good things of the world. We may laugh at all this as high-flown nonsense; but it is well to remember that all social revolutions begin with the spread of such notions as these. Nor must we forget that the misery and hopelessness of vast numbers of men and women to some extent excuse, if they do not justify, the passionate hatred with which men like Mr. Burns cry out against the inequalities of fortune. The social problem presents far and away the most important questions with which our legislators have to deal; and the sooner these questions are grappled with in earnest the better perhaps for the rich as well as for the poor.

THE FISHERIES TREATY.—After various rumours, more or less conflicting, the actual terms of this Treaty have been officially made known. As most people anticipated, the concessions made are in favour of the Americans. Under the circumstances of the case, this result is natural enough. These perpetually-recurring disputes would never have taken place if the United States fishery-grounds had been as valuable as those of Canada. The latter, however, were far the more valuable of the two, and the Dominion, as the weaker Power, and acting under the advice of the Mother-Country, has wisely consented to yield a considerable portion of her exclusive privileges. It is manifest that in the estimation of British statesmen the preservation of the fisheries as a virtual monopoly in Canadian hands is of less importance than the cultivation of friendly relations with the great American Republic, and the leaders of public opinion in Canada have shown wisdom in their acceptance of this cogent argument. Nor, after all, does Canada suffer much. Even under the comparatively stringent Treaty of 1818, the conditions of which were revived by the "denunciation" of subsequent Conventions, the Americans had a very good share of the Canadian fishing industry. Twenty thousand American fishermen frequented these fishing-grounds, and, in comparison with these numbers, the proportion of vessels seized for alleged infringement of the 1818 Treaty, by the illegal purchase of bait and so forth, was insignificant. Still, it cannot be denied that these seizures, few as they were, constituted an open sore, and it is worth some sacrifice if by the new Treaty these quarrels can be permanently healed. It will be seen that the much-vexed question of the three-mile limit is to be settled by what seems a fairly-devised compromise; while American fishermen will receive licences which will practically place them on a level with their Canadian brethren, provided that the United States remove the duties at present imposed on fishery-products from the Dominion. We hope, therefore, that the United States Senate, though politically antagonistic to President Cleveland's Government, will see fit to ratify the Treaty; but even if they refuse, the settlement will probably be only temporarily suspended.

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.—The announcement made by Lord John Manners on Monday night, that the Government has decided to establish a Department of Agriculture, was received with almost as much applause as if it had been the unfolding of an infallible specific for agricultural distress. Whether the British farmer will so accept the boon, after he has been given due time for rumination, remains to be seen. For one thing, no department that could be devised would ever prevent the foreigner from underselling him, so long as produce can be raised at a less cost

broad than here. But although this new *Deus ex machina* cannot do that, it may help the farmer in other ways. Where he chiefly lags behind the age is not in knowledge of farming, either practical or theoretical, but in the working of his business. Who can doubt that in such details of production as butter, cheese, milk, poultry, and eggs, he has allowed the foreigner to slip in through his own fault? As in so many other matters, our agricultural methods are wasteful in small affairs. If the farmer wishes to gain a living, he must give more attention to what he has been wont to consider trifles. It would be a good thing for him were he to acquaint himself with the system practised in commercial firms, where all superfluous expenditure is rigorously cut down. The paper read at the Farmers' Alliance meeting outlined another plan by which the British agriculturist might possibly "find salvation." Why does he so tamely suffer himself to be fleeced by the middleman? It is estimated that something more than one-third of the gross value of our agricultural produce sticks to the fingers of those who stand between the producer and the consumer. Here the remedy is plain; the middlemen combine to fix a starvation level of prices against the farmers individually, and the latter should therefore seek, by co-operation, to dispense with the services of these grasping intermediaries. A knowledge of mercantile methods is, however, necessary for this, and we trust that the new Department, which is specially to concern itself with educational matters, will teach the farmer a knowledge of business in its practical aspect.

LOSING GROUND.—The Unionists are trying hard to minimise the importance of the recent elections. It must, of course, be admitted that by-elections do not always afford a perfectly trustworthy indication of the currents of public opinion. At a General Election voters in every constituency are to some extent affected by the excitement which prevails all over the country; whereas in by-elections local considerations are apt to overbalance those of national importance. At Dundee, Southwark, and West Edinburgh, however, both parties worked hard for success, and there is no reason to doubt that in each case the result was brought about mainly, if not exclusively, by the feeling of the majority with regard to the Irish Question. The plain truth seems to be that the Government is losing ground, and that the country is coming round to the conviction that some form of Home Rule is, after all, the best solution of the Irish difficulty. Before the last General Election Tories and Liberal Unionists agreed in declaring that the days of Coercion were at an end. Exceptional laws in Ireland, they asserted, were unnecessary; the ends of justice could be secured by the application of the same methods of government in all parts of the United Kingdom. Nevertheless, the actual system of rule in Ireland is wholly different from that which is enforced in England and Scotland. Moreover, the kind of Coercion which Mr. Balfour has had to carry out does not commend itself either to the conscience or to the good sense of the English people. The men who are being sent to prison are not village ruffians, but honest politicians, against whom, in their private relations, no accusation can be brought. To a vast number of Englishmen this seems to prove that there is something radically wrong in the Unionist "Plan of Campaign"; and many of them, although they began by sympathising with Lord Hartington, would now rather support Mr. Gladstone than allow the present anomalous state of things to go on indefinitely. Probably Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule is still disliked by the majority of electors; but there is some danger that even that may be preferred to a system which cannot bring us a step nearer the goal at which we all profess to aim—the real union of the British and Irish people.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.—This neglected method of illumination seems at last to be looking up. A practical proof of this was afforded by the Stock Exchange quotations during the week, when a rise of from two to three per cent. took place in the shares of two of the electric lighting companies, while at the same time the coveted "A" Stock of the Gas Light and Coke Company sustained a fall of seven per cent. The reason for these oscillations was that the City Commissioners of Sewers have been seriously discussing the advisability of lighting a portion of the City by electricity, and, although they decided to refer the report back for further consideration, it is probable that before long the experiment will be tried in earnest. In spite of its superiority to gas in many respects, the electric light has hitherto failed to win popular favour. Several reasons may be alleged for this lack of success. One is, of course, the difficulty of making it suitable for domestic illumination. Rich men, whose dwellings are in size and resources comparable to public buildings, have, no doubt, adopted it with success, but what is wanted is an arrangement which will suit the conditions existing in ordinary middle-class houses. To accomplish this end, the electric light must be made as easy to turn on and off as gas is, and the arrangements must be suited to the capacities of not only the prudent and intelligent, but of the ignorant, stupid, and careless. Another reason for the non-success of the electric light was the insane gambling which took place in the scrip of the various companies when they were first started. This did much to retard the progress of a really valuable discovery. Lastly, it is generally now admitted that some of the clauses

of the Electric Lighting Act of 1882 were unduly restrictive. The companies were given too short a lease for profit, inasmuch as they were bound at the end of twenty-one years to hand over their stock and plant to the local authorities, receiving in exchange merely the value of the materials. Speaking personally, we do not altogether regard the prospect of universal electric street-lighting with complacency. The light is powerful, but not diffusive, so that it throws intensely black shadows. Railway shunters are well aware of this inconvenience. Then it seems more liable than gas to sudden extinction, so that unless the gas supply is kept on as a reserve, large areas might suddenly be reduced on a moonless winter night to a state of total darkness.

DUBLIN BARRACKS.—Except the Duke of Cambridge, not a single peer came forward in the House of Lords to defend the sanitary condition of our soldiers' quarters in the Irish capital. For once the Government and the Opposition were in entire agreement; the barracks are, and have for years been, veritable pest-centres. The Commander-in-Chief, who very properly "never knows when he is beaten," was alone in taking a more cheerful view; he had himself lived in the condemned building for seven years, and never suffered the least inconvenience. But His Royal Highness is known to have an excellent constitution, and the argument does not run, therefore, that because he swallowed typhoid-impregnated air with impunity, less illustrious people could do the same. Moreover, it would appear that the time of which the Duke speaks must be several decades back—anterior to the Crimean War. Perhaps, at that remote date, the Royal Barracks may have been eminently salubrious. But the evidence is conclusive that, during more recent years, enteric fever has held uninterrupted sway, carrying off officers and men alike, and, as Lord Spencer stated, causing the survivors to go in constant fear of being stricken down. The Duke of Cambridge is right, however, in urging the necessity of making quite sure that the seat of the disease is at the barracks, and not in their surroundings. He informed the Peers that the private houses in the vicinity, although inhabited by a very respectable class of people, are dominated by the disease. There is also some question whether the Liffey has not some of the characteristics of an open sewer. All these matters should be closely investigated before deciding to pull down the barracks and build new ones on the same site. Even if, however, it be proved that it is the surroundings and not the buildings themselves that generate typhoid, the troops must be removed to more wholesome quarters. There is nothing that more quickly demoralises soldiers than an ever present dread of the "pestilence that walketh in darkness."

THE CROFTERS.—On Tuesday evening the House of Commons once more devoted itself to the consideration of the grievances of the crofters, and it cannot be fairly said that the question received more attention than it deserved. It is true enough, as we are often reminded, that there is quite as much misery in our great cities as in the Scottish Highlands and Islands; but the answer to that objection is that we should not think of the crofters less than we do, but of the poor in our great cities more. That the crofters, especially in very remote districts, are in a state of great destitution is not denied by any one; the only questions in dispute are those relating to the proposed remedies for the evils which are admitted to exist. To one set of reformers, among whom must be included the Lord Advocate and Mr. Balfour, the word "emigration" seems to sum up all that can be wisely suggested on the subject, and if the crofters were fairly distributed over the arable and pastoral land of their country, emigration would no doubt be the natural and proper means of relief for the surplus population. But the crofters see no reason why they should go to Australia or Manitoba as long as there is room for them at home. It is frequently said that the land they covet is suitable only for sheep and deer, but they are not quite so foolish as their opponents affect to believe. They know very well what sort of land it would be worth their while to try to cultivate, and it is certain that in many districts from which they are at present excluded they could find, if they had the chance, exactly the kind of small farms they want. There are, of course, serious difficulties in the way; but the State would be well rewarded if it could contrive to people the crofter country with an honest, contented, and prosperous peasantry. An important step in this direction might be taken, as Sir George Trevelyan showed, if the Government would carry out all the provisions of the Crofters' Act passed by the last Parliament—an Act which has hitherto been used only for the reduction of rents. Even from the point of view of their own interests, Highland landowners would perhaps do well to meet the crofters half way. The state of Ireland suggests some rather obvious lessons on which it would be profitable for them to reflect.

SNOWSTORMS AND CYCLONES.—This winter, at all events in the London district, has not been so cold as the two which preceded it. There have been fitful spells of cold, but no continuous low temperature such as produces ice capable of bearing skaters. The weather of the last week, with its overcast skies, piercing easterly winds, and frequent showers of snow, has been more like a mixture of December and March than that usually attributed to February Filldyke. Thus far

the metropolitan area has been very leniently treated, for we have escaped the heavy snowfalls which have impeded traffic and caused loss of life in Devonshire, the Midlands, and Wales, besides raging with great severity in such proverbially sunny regions as the health-resorts of Southern France and Northern Spain. Still, as we have before had occasion to remark, Nature is in Western Europe a mild mother compared with what she is in some other countries. None of our disturbances, atmospheric or otherwise, are capable, for example, of producing the suffering caused by a genuine North American blizzard or cyclone. Thirty or forty years ago, it may be observed, one rarely if ever heard of these terrible phenomena, whereas now scarcely a winter passes without one instance of the former, and never a year (for the cyclone seems limited to no particular season) without several examples of the latter. It is not because these convulsions of Nature are really more common than they were formerly, but because the regions where they occur were, till of late years, thinly peopled, and therefore they attracted little attention. Blizzards evidently need the interior of a great continent for their full development, and the same may be said of cyclones when they blow in the temperate zone, for it is only in places far removed from the softening influence of the ocean that currents of air are generated which present the extraordinary inequalities of temperature which produce these disastrous visitations.

THE OXFORD HOUSE.—Out of the millions of people, more or less, who call themselves Londoners, probably not one in a hundred could give a clearer description of the Oxford House than "it's some sort of a religious concern for workmen down at the East End." It is that, and something much more; it represents a practical effort, on the part of a body of cultured and pious men, to leaven the sordid lives of East End toilers with sweetness and light, and the fellow-feeling of a common humanity. Is the effort appreciated? That is past doubting; from humble beginnings, the institution has expanded, until the parent University, being unable any longer to bear the entire charge, is compelled to appeal for outside assistance. That it will be forthcoming is certain; wealthy churchmen are always forward to subscribe to any endeavour of proved utility, as this unquestionably is. Gradgrind will sniff, no doubt, and proclaim the eternal—and very wearisome—truth that all institutions of the sort ought to be self-supporting. Granted, and perhaps the Oxford House may become so in the course of a few years. But for some time the lusty infant will need generous nursing, and not mere dry-nursing of the Gradgrind sort. Only three years old, it already includes four working-men's clubs, University Club, and Oxford Hall, a spacious room providing accommodation for nine hundred people, which was opened by the Primate last Saturday. May its walls always hear as sensible talk as that which fell from Dr. Benson! Heterodox to some ears, but nevertheless such as a Prelate ought to speak in the interests of truth. Taper and Tadpole may gnash their teeth, but it is true that working-class clubs are ruined as places of enjoyment and recreation by the introduction of politics. And it is equally true, let anti-Malthusians say what they like, that early marriages, or other unions, are a curse to the whole community. The Archbishop had the courage to declare that this form of improvidence ought to be denounced as vehemently as drunkenness. True, but will he get his clergy to do it?

THE CROWN PRINCE.—All the world has been reading eagerly the telegrams from San Remo. It is a mistake, of course, to suppose that even if the worst were to happen Germany would find herself in an insecure position. The German Empire is built on too deep and broad a foundation to stand absolutely in need of any one man. Even Prince Bismarck is not now essential to the welfare of the country he has done so much to serve. Still, Europe is passing through such troubled times that no great nation could afford to think lightly of the possible loss of one who, if he lived, would certainly be a good and wise ruler. The Crown Prince has all the qualities which go to the making of illustrious Sovereigns. He is devoted to peace, yet does not fear war; he has a clear and resolute judgment, but knows how to value tried counsellors; and he combines a love of order with an ardent belief in the principles of modern progress. Such things have often been said of heirs to thrones, who, when put to the test, have not fulfilled the expectations formed about them; but the German Crown Prince has given so many indications of his deepest sympathies that it is impossible to misunderstand his real character. No wonder, then, that the German people receive with profound anxiety every item of news that is allowed to reach them from his sick-room; and no wonder, either, that this feeling is shared by civilised mankind generally, since it is not his own country only that would be affected either by his recovery or by his death. The information hitherto sent forth has been so vague and meagre that most people have naturally interpreted it unfavourably. The doctors—or those whose orders they obey—would act more wisely if they always told frankly and fully what is really known as to the Crown Prince's condition.

A HALFPENNY LETTER POST.—A company has been formed for the sale of "an improved envelope and paper (either note or letter size) in one sheet, whereby, with a

novel method of advertising, the public will be able to enjoy the advantage of a halfpenny letter postage without any loss to the Revenue." The idea is by no means wanting in ingenuity, and will no doubt command itself to that numerous section of the public who like to get double value for their money. The buyer will, in fact, get an envelope, sheet of writing paper, and a penny postage stamp for a halfpenny, the only obligation imposed on him in return being that he will be obliged to accept, together with these useful epistolary commodities, from twenty to thirty irremovable advertisements. But then comes the question whether advertisers will see the matter in the same advantageous light. As it seems to us, the advertisements in question will only necessarily meet the eyes of two persons, namely, the writer of the letter and its recipient. The former only values these announcements because they have saved him a halfpenny, the latter will probably regard them as an encumbrance and an eyesore. Advertisements are very well in certain places, but when, for example, a railway guide has them bespattered over every page, so that they hinder us from finding out the train we want to go by, they cause a sense of antagonism, and do their authors more harm than good. Bearing in mind how many letters are written for the purpose of asking a favour, it is doubtful whether the recipient will feel grateful for the twofold discovery that his correspondent has himself saved a halfpenny, and has inflicted on his reader a lot of totally irrelevant printed matter.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—Sir Roper Lethbridge seems, like M. De Lesseps, to be ever hungering for arduous undertakings. He converted North Kensington to Conservatism, he "organised" the Indian subscriptions to the Imperial Institute when they seemed to have come to a standstill; finally, he had the moral courage to put lance in rest against irreverent critics of Indian gold-mines. Not content with these achievements, he now dons his armour for an assault on that hallowed British institution, breach of promise. Fancy the wrath of Dodson and Fogg! And Serjeant Buzfuz—where would be the use for his pathetic oratory if never again allowed a chance of working upon the inherent gallantry of the British juryman? The member for North Kensington can scarcely have counted the cost of the desperate undertaking on which he has embarked. Every legal member of the House of Commons will rally to the side of lovely woman, and fall *en masse* upon the daring wight who would deprive her of her only exclusive privilege. Nominally, breach of promise actions are equally open to both sexes; but, as juries will never give more than a shilling damages to men, however much they may have been injured, it is a very rare thing for the jilted tyrant to seek legal redress. On the ground of fairness, this, it must be confessed, is a rather serious blemish. Nor does it consort with the eternal proprieties to have private love-letters read in Court and published in the papers, for the enjoyment of those who have probably written just as foolishly themselves. Indeed, the only thing to be said for the breach of promise torture is that it provides a means of punishing men who wilfully trifle with young women's feelings, and often ruin their matrimonial prospects. This conduct certainly merits severe punishment; but could it not be managed in a better way? The legal supposition is that engagements are contracts, the breach of which by either party entitles the other to damages. Very good; then let them be treated as civil contracts from the first, either by public betrothal, as on the Continent, or by the execution of a stamped deed. Were this done, the jilted could never deny the engagement, nor Miss Artful pretend that a few whispered endearments amounted to a formal offer of marriage.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "SCENES on the ROAD in the OLD COACHING DAYS," II.

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ON MARCH 10
THE ORDINARY WEEKLY ISSUE OF
"THE GRAPHIC"
WILL BE INCREASED TO A
DOUBLE NUMBER,
PRICE ONE SHILLING

INSTEAD OF SIXPENCE.

As the celebration of this event will be but quietly observed, owing to the peculiarly painful cloud which now overshadows the Royal Family, the Proprietors feel it would be more suitable to publish H.R. His Highness's Life in this form, than by the more obtrusive one of a Special and Extra Issue.

The Number will contain, in addition to its usual current news, a LIFE OF THE PRINCE.

Full of Illustrations of the incidents of his eventful career down to the present time.

This LIFE will be specially written by the Rev. CANON J. N. DALTON, C.M.G., who was Governor to Their Royal Highnesses Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales.

A large Double-Page Plate will accompany the Number, which will be enclosed in a Wrapper Printed in Silver.

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In consequence of the continuous and increasing demand for this popular picture, from a painting by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., executed expressly for, and issued with, "THE GRAPHIC" CHRISTMAS NUMBER of 1880, it has now, for the second time, been

RE-PRINTED,

And Persons desirous of possessing a Copy can secure one from any Bookseller for 1s., or have it sent by Parcels Post to any part of the United Kingdom on sending 1s. 3d. to this Office.

TO LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS.—In order to save trouble and disappointment the Editor begs to state that he has already on hand an ample supply of both LONG and SHORT STORIES for a considerable time to come.



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TWO IMENSE PROGRAMMES of the most brilliant and attractive character will be given, sustained by THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTES connected with the principal West-End Theatres.

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MISS E. FARREN, Miss SYLVIA GREY, Miss MINNIE BELL, Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY, Miss MARIE DE GREY, Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ, Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS, Mr. FRED LESLIE, Mr. E. J. LONNEN, Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, Mr. J. S. DALLAS, Mr. CHARLES COLETTE, Mr. S. CAFFEY, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON, Mr. CHARLES ARNOLD, Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, Mr. H. WALSHAM, Mons. MARIUS, Mr. F. NEAUX COOK, Mr. W. H. PENNINGTON, Mr. CHARLES COBBIN, &c.

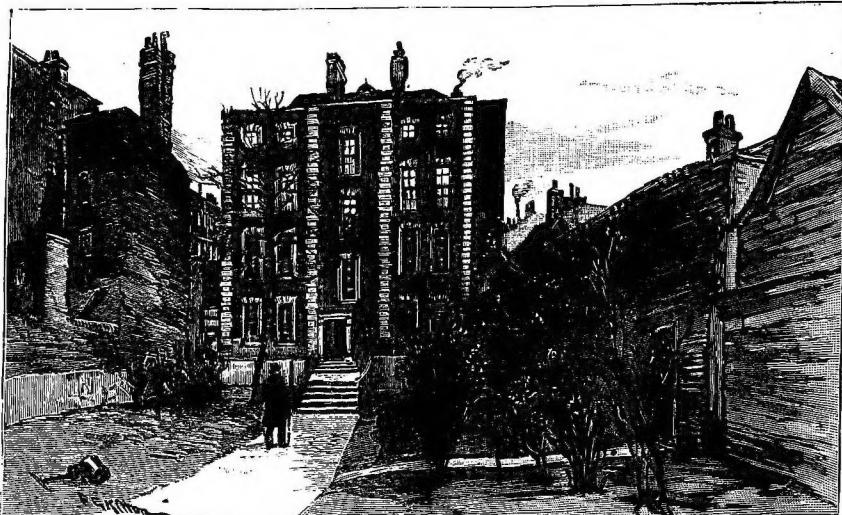
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THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM." and other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW. By EDWIN LONG, R.A. THREE NEW PICTURES, 1. JEPHTHAH'S RETURN, 2. ON THE MOUNTAINS, 3. THE MARTYR, are NOW ON VIEW with his celebrated ANNO DOMINI, ZEUXIS AT CROTONA, &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street, from 10 to 6. Admission 1s.

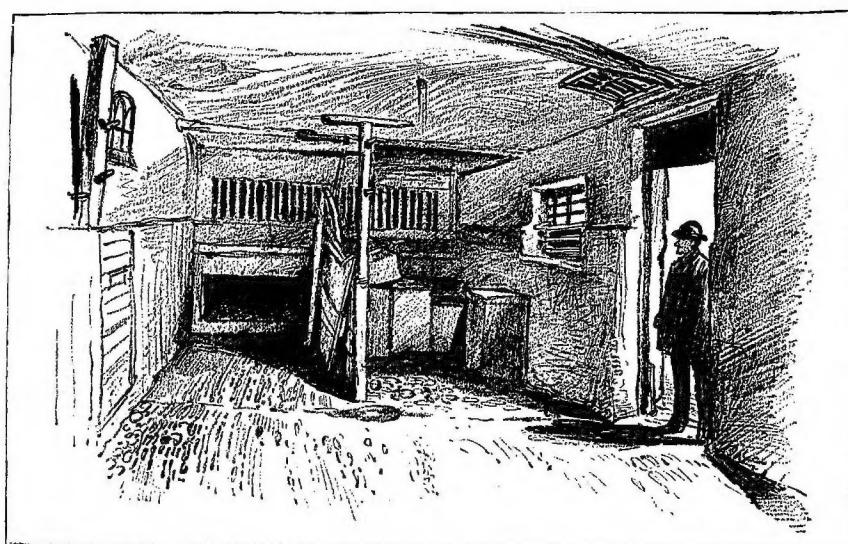
TENTATION de ST. ANTOINE. by José Frappa. Now on VIEW at JOSE FRAPPA GALLERY, 48, Pall Mall, W., from 10 a.m. until 9 p.m.—Admission 1s.



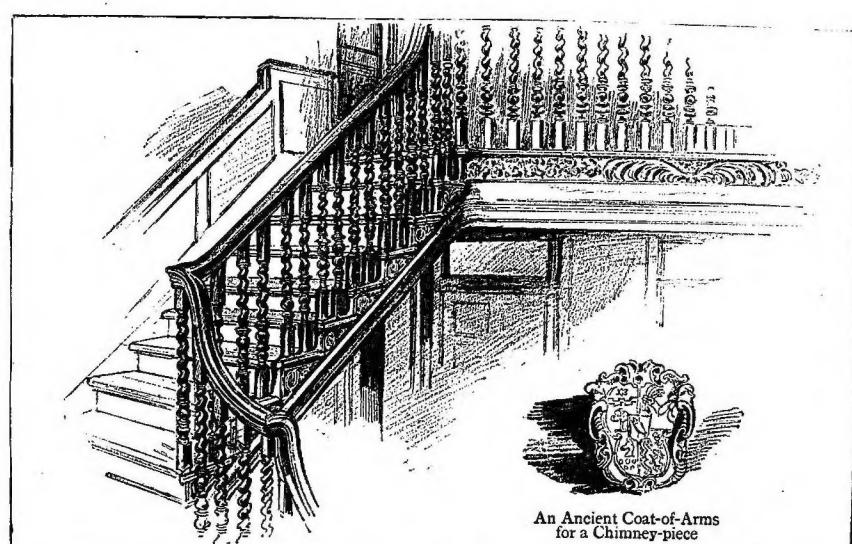
THE EXTERIOR FROM THE GARDEN



THE STRONG ROOM IN THE CELLARS



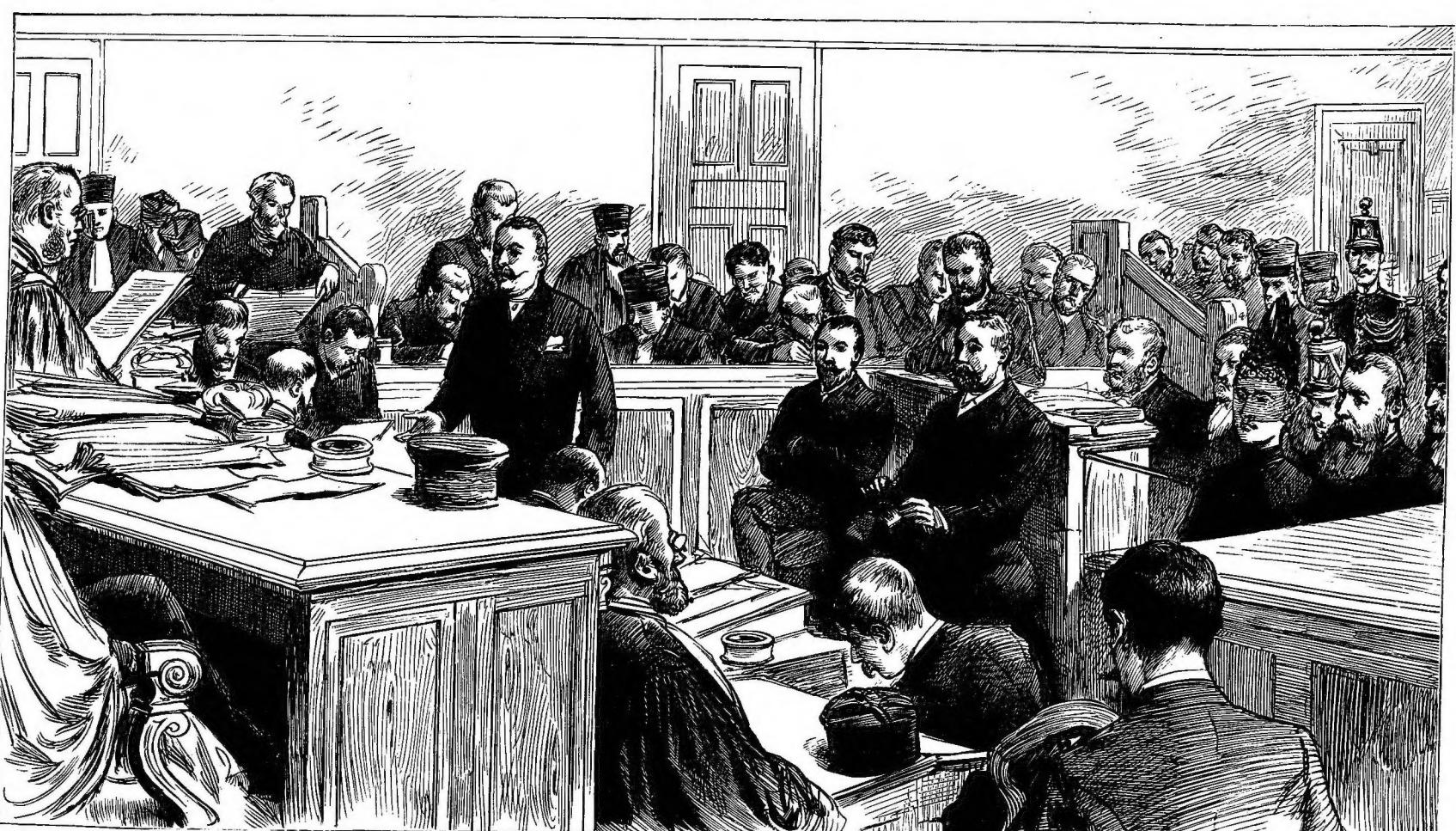
THE STABLES



THE STAIRCASE

An Ancient Coat-of-Arms
for a Chimney-piece

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT-PRINCE OF THE OLDEN TIME, AUSTINFRIARS, CITY
NOW IN COURSE OF DEMOLITION



President Villers

Dubreuil

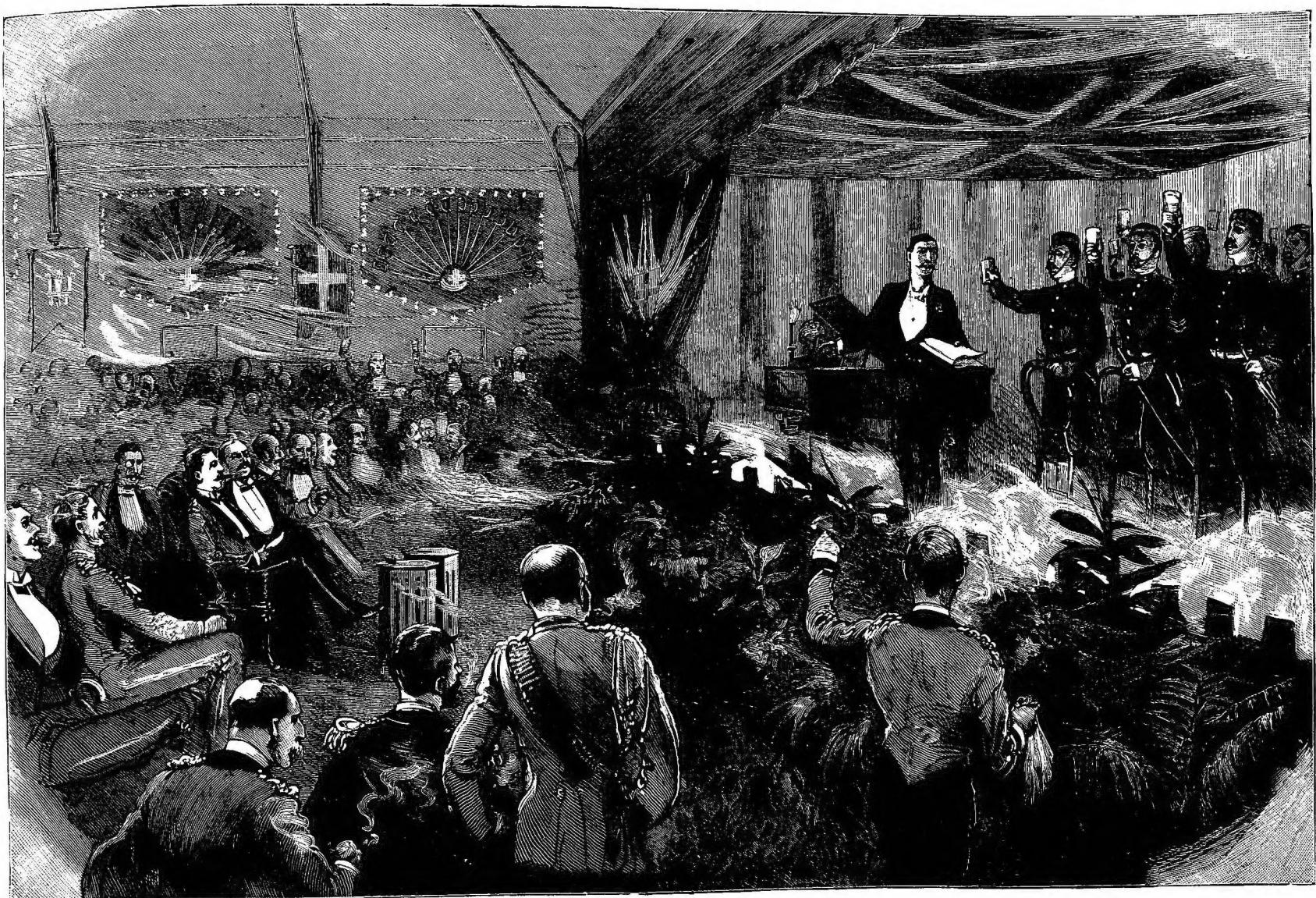
Ribaudeau

Hébert

Maitre Demange Mdme, Ratazzi

M. Wilson

THE TRIAL OF M. WILSON AND OTHERS, IN PARIS, ON THE CHARGE OF TRAFFICKING IN DECORATIONS



"THE SIRES AND SONS OF THE H. A. C."

SMOKING CONCERT OF THE FIELD BATTERY OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY
AT THE ARMOURY HOUSE, FINSBURY



"IN TRAINING"

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. G. KILBURN, JUN., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—NOTICE TO ARTISTS.
The days for receiving PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, &c., are FRIDAY,
SATURDAY, and MONDAY, MARCH 30th, 31st, and APRIL 1st, and for
SCULPTURE, TUESDAY, April 3rd.

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WARWICK CASTLE	D. LAW.
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MEMORIES	SIR F. LEIGHTON.
THE ELIXIR OF LOVE	G. J. PINWELL.
AMATEURS	MEISSONIER.
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FOR full particulars see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate Circus Office.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

MUNICH (BAVARIA) 1888

Third International and Centenary

EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS

From June 1st until the end of October, 1888.

MUNICH (BAVARIA) 1888

German National

ART INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

From May 15th until the end of October, 1888.

CRUISE to the AZORES, CANARY ISLANDS, MADEIRA, &c.—On her Return from the Mediterranean, the Steam Yacht "VICTORIA," 1,804 Tons register, 1,500 Horse Power, R. D. Lunham, Commander (late of steam yacht "Ceylon"), will, on April 28 be despatched from Tilbury Dock for a 30 days cruise as above. The "VICTORIA" is fitted with the Electric Light, and all modern improvements.

SUMMER AND AUTUMN CRUISES, 1888.

and JUNE for 16 days cruise to the NORWEGIAN FJORDS.
21st JUNE for 25 days' cruise to the LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

21st JULY for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FJORDS.

11th AUGUST for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FJORDS.

30th AUGUST for 30 days' cruise to the BALTIK.

About 1st NOVEMBER Next it is proposed to make a CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD.—For Particulars apply to MANAGER, Steam Yacht "VICTORIA."

Office, Carlton Chambers, 4, Regent Street, London, S.W.



THE JUBILEE PRESENTS AT BETHNAL GREEN

THE Queen's Jubilee presents have now for some time past been exhibited at the Bethnal Green Museum, where they are seen to better advantage than at St. James's Palace—the large room in which they are placed being admirably adapted to display them in a good light and to their best advantage. We have already given a description of the presents when they were on view at the West End, and consequently need say little more than that they number about five hundred gifts from all sorts and conditions of men and of women, ranging from the various Sovereigns of Europe to poor schoolchildren, who testified their loyalty by sending Her Majesty a patch-work quilt made up of 888 pieces, each morsel bearing an initial, monogram, or device of the little contributor. The magnificent mosaic we illustrate was presented by the Pope. It is a copy of the figure of Poetry, by Raphael, in the Vatican, and took seven years to put together. Other sketches show the great cake presented by Messrs. Gunter, the two ostrich feather screens, presented by loyal subjects at the Cape, and a golden image of Luckshin, the Sacti of Vishnu, who here appears as the Goddess of Prosperity, which was sent by the Maharajah of Travancore. From its very heterogeneity the exhibition is interesting, and amply testifies to the respect with which Her Majesty is regarded abroad, and the feelings of loyalty which are universally entertained throughout the British Empire.

AN OLD CITY MANSION

NO. 21, AUSTINFIARS, which is about to be pulled down, is the last of the old mercantile residences of the City of London, and is one of the few links which connect modern London with the period when the City was a place of residence as well as of business. The house, which was probably built between 1660 and 1670, stands on part of the garden of the Priory of Augustine monks which was confiscated at the time of the Reformation. The house has been so carefully preserved that it retains all its original old-fashioned features. It is a large and substantial building, lined throughout with solid wainscoting; its apartments are roomy and convenient; its staircases are broad, and carved with curious antique designs. The garden and all the original offices have been preserved, and the counting-house, yard, coach-house and stables, even the old well and pump, remain as they were at the time when the house was built. Its successive inhabitants have been as follows. At the end of the seventeenth century Mr. Hermann Olmius, a Dutch merchant, lived and died in the house. His descendants leased it to Mr. Minet, whose name appears in the London Directory for 1788. He was a merchant and banker, and had, it was said, confidential dealings with the First Napoleon. There is a special strong-room in the basement, which is supposed to have been used for the purpose of concealing valuables. The next tenants of the house were the important mercantile firm of Thomas, Son, and Lefevre; while for the last thirty or forty years it has been in the occupation of the present owner, Mr. John Fleming (of the firm of Robinson, Fleming, and Co.).

THE TRIAL OF M. WILSON

THIS celebrated case, of the preparations for which we have heard so much during the past few months, was brought to trial on Friday week at the Paris Correctional Tribunal. The indictment charged M. Wilson with complicity in three cases of obtaining money on false pretences, by promising to obtain decorations for M. Crespin de la Jeannièvre (a manufacturer), M. Belloc (a banker), and M. Legrand (a manufacturer of iron barrels). There were four co-

defendants—M. Ribaudeau (who has been M. Wilson's secretary for twenty years), M. Hébert (employed on M. Wilson's journals), M. Dubreuil, and Madame Ratazzi, who were charged with acting as intermediaries between M. Wilson and his alleged clients. M. Wilson had denied all knowledge of the matters in question, and M. Ribaudeau had assumed the entire responsibility, but the police researches amongst M. Wilson's papers caused the authorities to think otherwise, and M. Wilson's prosecution was accordingly decided upon. Three days were occupied in examining the witnesses; the prosecuting counsel endeavouring to prove that large sums of money, ranging from 800*l.* to 4,000*l.*, had been given to M. Wilson for the direct purpose of obtaining the coveted crosses from the Cabinet, while the defendants declared that the money received was for subscriptions to and the insertion of advertisements in M. Wilson's journals, and particularly in the *Moniteur de l'Exposition*. With regard to M. Legrand, who did obtain a decoration, Madame Ratazzi, on her examination, declared that it was obtained through her by M. Wilson's influence. M. Legrand himself denied this, but had previously told quite a different story to the Police Commissary, in order, he now asserts, to save Madame Ratazzi. One witness, M. Delizy, swore that M. Wilson had asked 8,000*l.* from him for a decoration. There was a good deal of hard swearing on both sides, and one result of the trial has been to show that the French system of interminable preliminary examinations and interrogatories of witnesses and defendants tends to make all parties, prevaricate, contradict themselves, and generally show a disposition to "amend" unfavourable evidence on each occasion.

THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY'S SMOKING CONCERT

A SMOKING concert of the Field Battery H.A.C. took place on February 16th, at the Armoury House, Finsbury, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, Captain-General and Colonel, the chair being occupied by the Duke of Portland, Lieutenant-Colonel. The programme consisted of songs and recitations by Messrs. Lionel Brough, Mr. Maybrick, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Charles Collette, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Herbert Standing, Mr. George Grossmith, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Nellie Farren, and others; Miss Phyllis Broughton danced a *pas seul*; sword and lance exercises were given by members of the Corps; the instrumental music was entrusted to the Blue Hungarian Band; while the song and chorus, "The Sires and the Sons of the H.A.C.", written and composed expressly for this occasion by Messrs. Cunningham Bridgeman and François Cellier, was given with great applause by Mr. Alec Marsh. The entertainment was voted a thorough success, and the company did not separate until a late, or rather a very early hour.

"IN TRAINING"

THE education of a coursing greyhound is a very serious matter, and we doubt if greater pains are taken to break in any animal than are expended upon his training. The late Mr. Walsh, in his well-known "British Rural Sports," gives the most minute directions with regard to bringing up the young dog—as minute, indeed, as we have ever found in any book on rearing the human species; and, considering that a greyhound's sporting career is numbered rather by months than years, one can only wonder that so much trouble should be expended for so proportionately small a result. One of the chief essentials is careful exercise—just sufficient but not too much; and next is the tuition as to "how to catch his hare." The dog is taught not to pull at his leash until poor puss is well in view, and then to go straight for his quarry, disregarding aught else till the end of the run. He is frequently trained to run direct to an object by being held back by a boy on one side of a hill until his trainer appears on the other side of the valley, when, suddenly let go, he flies at full speed in obedience to the well-known whistle.

OUR ARTIST'S ADVENTURES IN MANILA

OUR sketches are by Mr. C. W. Cole, R.N., and depict his adventures while he was attempting to jot down some of the picturesque beauties of Manila when waiting for the boat to take him off to his ship. "I can only speak a word or two of Spanish," he writes, "and on being overtaken by a Civil Guard and an artilleryman, thought they wished to tell me about my boat. They got very excited, however, snatched my book away, and wanted to see my permission to sketch from the Military Governor. I feared that some blue-jackets and marines would come down and at once begin to clear the streets, and asked for the station, upon which we started, my captors walking on either side of me. They had seen something of the book (which only contained sketches of uniforms, lamps, ladies' head-dresses, &c.), which amused them, and they laughed heartily. I tramped along the deserted streets and met two of our officers driving hard from the Club to catch the boat. They stopped, and were inclined to drive me off. I thought it better, however, that we all should go to the station. On my arrival there I sat in a lounge chair amongst numerous prisoners squatting in the gloom. We became very impatient, thinking that the boat would wait with the liberty men, when at last a sleepy lieutenant appeared, and, taking one of my friends for the prisoner, gave him the book, and told him he might leave. I said 'No,' and wanted the names, &c., of those who had arrested me. He said he would give me his, and hold himself responsible for their production—at which they looked very disgusted. Next day, when meeting me in a café, he apologised, remarking, 'Had you been in uniform you would have received every courtesy. As it was, you had no permission, and no one has ever been seen sketching in Manila before!'"

AYUB KHÁN

"THE main facts of Ayub Khán's recent attempt to enter Afghanistan," writes a correspondent from Persia, "are pretty well known. A detailed account of his adventurous expedition, however, has not yet been published.

"During the first part of Ayub's journey he met with no molestation or hostility from the Persians, as he had taken the precaution of cutting the telegraph wires. On arriving within three or four days' march of the Afghan frontier, however, he was overtaken by a party of some three hundred and fifty Persian cavalry. By this time Ayub's party, originally consisting of nineteen men including himself, had been reduced to seventeen; yet the three hundred and fifty Persian horsemen never dared to come within long gunshot of the resolute little band, but followed them for three or four days at a very respectful distance. The country is very badly supplied with water, and springs are few and far between, so that night after night the seventeen Afghans bivouacked round the only available water, while the three hundred and fifty heroic Persians remained at distance, and waited till Ayub had moved on the next morning before they ventured to get a drink. This went on till the last day's march in Persian territory. Ayub then lost sight of his pursuers, after a long and trying ride, and reached 'Chashma Manu'—the spring of Manu—exhausted with thirst and fatigue. Here the party dismounted, turned their horses loose to graze, and sat down to make tea beside the scanty spring. Just as the kettle boiled, the look-out man gave the alarm that a large body of Afghan cavalry was approaching. The fugitives had barely time to snatch up their rifles and ammunition and run to a *sangar* (stone enclosure) on a neighbouring hillock, when two parties of horse from Herat swept down on the spring; and almost at the same moment a large body of Persians, including their old

pursuers, came on the scene. An ineffective attempt was made to negotiate, and then a brisk fire was opened on both sides.

"This is the moment portrayed by Sirdar Fateh Mahomed Khan, a facsimile of whose sketch we publish. He represents Ayub's party as being reduced to eleven, and the combined numbers of his opponents as 1,500. Whether this be exaggerated or not, there is no doubt there was an immense disparity of numbers. The Persian cavalry came back and gave most glowing accounts of their own deeds of desperate valour, but the Sirdar represents them as all huddled up in a deep hollow in the lower right corner of the sketch, where they are most judiciously protected from stray bullets, and the sketch is probably true to nature in this respect.

"Firing was kept up till dark, and then Ayub and Fateh Mahomed Khan, having managed to catch two of their abandoned horses, got away; and the rest of the party escaped on foot during the night, with the exception of one devoted servant, who remained to keep up a show of the *sangar* being still occupied. This poor fellow paid for his devotion with his life; for when the Herat cavalry, at daybreak, plucked up courage to charge the *sangar*, they found but this one man, whom they captured and took to Herat, where he was blown from a gun.

"Ayub and his solitary companion wandered about for many days, enduring great hardships, till they finally came into Mashhad, and surrendered to General MacLean."

THE CAPTURE OF FORT ROBARI

THE recent expedition under Sir Francis de Winton, on the West Coast of Africa, has attracted very little attention in England, probably because the campaign has been so successful and loss of life so small. The satisfactory result is undoubtedly due to the good conduct of the First West Indian Regiment and the Native Police attached to it. These two hundred soldiers and police, led by fifteen blue-jackets, took seven hours to make their way through four miles of jungle, so dense was the bush, and so hot the fire of the concealed enemy. Sir F. de Winton and Governor J. C. Hay, C.M.G., had frequently to use their rifles as well as the soldiers. Our illustration shows the moment when the little force, having emerged from the jungle, is preparing to assault Robari.

In the foreground is Sir Francis de Winton firing the Maxim gun, while Governor Hay watches the result, and the First West Indian Regiment is drawn up in the valley ready to advance. A few tremendous volleys from the Maxim gun cleared the wooden towers of the enemy, who were soon in flight, and the fort was entered without further bloodshed. Many of the enemy were killed, a fate richly deserved, as they have a habit of killing Her Majesty's subjects when old and useless, and taking the boys and girls for slaves. This course of conduct by the Yonne tribe had become so unbearable that Governor Hay applied for assistance to restore order by putting down the raids with a strong hand, an object which has now been fully accomplished.

THE NEW MASTER OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE

ON Saturday last the Rev. Henry Latham, M.A., Vice-Master and Senior Fellow of the College, was elected by the Fellows of Trinity Hall Master of the College, in the place of the late Sir Henry Maine. Mr. Latham entered as a pensioner at Trinity College in 1841, and was subsequently elected to a scholarship. He graduated in the Mathematical Tripos of 1845 as 18th Wrangler; in 1847 he was elected a Fellow of Trinity Hall, and was appointed Tutor when the late Sir Henry (then Mr.) Maine vacated the post in order to accept the Regius Professorship of Civil Law. Mr. Latham held the office of Tutor for more than thirty years, and it is chiefly owing to his tact and energy that Trinity Hall owes its present position among the Cambridge Colleges. He was a very popular tutor, and is especially beloved by disciples of the oar, being himself an ardent professor of the art of rowing. In 1877 Mr. Latham and the late Henry Fawcett competed for the Mastership of the College, but their claims were so nearly balanced that they both retired in favour of Sir Henry Maine. Mr. Latham has published a treatise on "Conic Sections," and has also written on the effect of examinations as a means of selection.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Thomas Stearn, 72, Bridge Street, Cambridge.

THE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD

THE RIGHT REVEREND WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, Bishop Suffragan of Bedford, who is appointed as the first Bishop of the newly-constituted See of Wakefield, was born in 1823 at Shrewsbury, being the son of the late Mr. W. Wybergh How, of that town. He was educated at Shrewsbury School and Wadham College, Oxford, and, after taking Orders, was, in 1851, collated to the Rector of Whittington, Shropshire. In 1853 he was appointed Rural Dean of Oswestry and Diocesan Inspector of Schools. After being an honorary canon of St. Asaph's Cathedral and Proctor in Convocation for the Diocese, he was in 1879 presented to a living in the City of London, together with a prebendal stall in St. Paul's. Later in the same year he was consecrated Bishop of Bedford, as Suffragan to the Bishop of London. His labours have since then lain in the East of London, and his energy and zeal in every good work set on foot by himself and others for the advantage of the poor of that region have earned him the title of Bishop of the East End. In all his toils Dr. How was ably and devotedly seconded by his wife, who only a few months ago died during their brief holiday at Barmouth. Dr. How has published a large number of theological works, all of a thoroughly practical character.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, 199, Brompton Road, S.W.

FRENCH TRANSPORT ASHORE NEAR GALLE
ON January 14th, the weather at the time being very foggy, the French transport *Shamrock*, homeward-bound with 500 troops and invalids from Saigon, ran ashore on the Niyawella Rocks, sixteen miles south of Galle, Ceylon. Fortunately, shortly afterwards, the P. and O. steamer *Rosetta*, commanded by Captain Brady, was steaming along the southern coast of the island, and seeing a steamer right inshore with her bows in the air, he at once proceeded to her assistance. Piloted by a native in a canoe, the *Rosetta* cautiously approached the *Shamrock*, as there was deep water close inshore. It was unlucky that no one on board the former vessel could speak French, except the cook. He accordingly acted as interpreter, and presently a hawser of enormous size and strength having been sent on board from the Frenchman, a steady pull was given, and, with the aid of her own engines, which were going full speed astern, the *Shamrock* got off, and floated all right. Had she rolled on the rocks for a few minutes longer, she would have been in done for. As it was, she leaked badly, and had some difficulty in keeping afloat till she reached Colombo, when some powerful pumps belonging to the British India Steam Navigation Company were sent on board, and with their aid her officers managed to keep her afloat, and anchor her in the harbour.—Our engraving is from a sketch by a passenger on board the *Rosetta*, Mr. James Nelson, of Mountcharles, Belfast, Ireland. He humorously writes under the drawing:—"The French commander, M. Deyromul, plants his 'shamrock' on the Island of Ceylon, and the Irish commander, G. W. Brady, pulls it out."

THE LICK OBSERVATORY, MOUNT HAMILTON, CALIFORNIA

THIS Observatory is built from funds left by Mr. James Lick, a private citizen of California. Mr. Lick gave in 1875, during his lifetime, the sum of 700,000 dols. to found an Observatory which should contain "the most powerful telescope in the world." This

sum was left in the hands of a board of five trustees. The President of the Board, Captain R. S. Floyd (late an officer of the Confederate Navy), has been in charge of the work from the beginning. He has been faithfully assisted by Mr. Thomas Fraser, the Superintendent of Construction.

The chief advisers of the Board have been Professor Newcomb, the Superintendent of the American Ephemeris in Washington, and Dr. Edward S. Holden, Foreign Associate of the Royal Astronomical Society; while other astronomers all over the world have aided in many important ways.

Mountain stations are specially approved of by modern astronomers, provided they possess certain characteristics, and these are found in no common degree at the site of the Lick Observatory.

On Mount Hamilton (4,200 feet, about the height of Ben Nevis) the atmosphere is both pure and steady. It is pure because it is above all the fogs and most of the dust and smoke clouds, and it is steady at night just because of the blanket of fog, which rises about 2,000 feet only, and which shuts off the radiations from the valleys below.

Mount Hamilton was chosen because it was high enough, and because it was easily accessible from San José, twenty-six miles distant.

The United States Government gave the observatory 1,600 acres of wild land for the site. The county of Santa Clara built a road to the summit at a cost of 80,000 dollars. The fund provided by Mr. Lick has been partly spent in removing 70,000 tons of rock from the summit to make a level platform for the instruments to stand on, in providing an observatory building containing a library, study rooms, a clock room, and the domes, &c., for the instruments; in providing dwellings for the astronomers and workmen; and lastly, in developing a water supply for use as power and for domestic purposes.

The chief instruments are the great equatorial, whose object glass has an aperture of 36 inches; another with an objective of 12 inches; another of 6 inches; a meridian circle, a transit, and various minor instruments, among which is a set of seismometers, or earthquake-meters.

The 36-inch objective is provided with a 34-inch photographic corrector also. When this is placed in front of the large objective, the telescope is transformed into a huge photographic camera.

The large dome is 75 feet in diameter, and its moving parts weigh 200,000 lbs. A push of 200 lbs. (one in 1,000) moves it; and it can be turned 360 deg. in eight minutes by appropriate machinery. A portion of the floor of this dome, 61 feet in diameter, moves 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet up and down, like a lift. This is so arranged for the purpose of diminishing the height of the observing chairs. When the telescope is horizontal, the observer must be 37 feet above the ground.

Instruments are but mere masses of metal—of no use, except in a museum, without skilled observers to use them. At first the corps of astronomers will consist of Dr. Holden (to whom we are indebted for the foregoing particulars), Mr. S. W. Burnham, F.R.A.S., Professor Schaeberle, Mr. E. E. Barnard, Mr. J. E. Keeler, and Mr. C. B. Hill. It would fill an English astronomer with envy to know that from April to November nearly every moment of the day and night is absolutely cloudless. The remaining months are by no means so favourable; but they still afford excellent opportunities for work.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD IN THE OLD COACHING DAYS, II.

See page 199.

"THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 197.

STUDIES OF LIFE IN IRELAND, II.

1. "MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN."—This sketch was taken at a public dinner in the West of Ireland last autumn. No doubt the more moderate and judicious of Mr. O'Brien's British Home Rule allies deplore the intemperate violence which he often displays both in his speeches and in his newspaper, *United Ireland*, but no one will deny that he possesses in a large degree the national gift of eloquence. Like most of the prominent Irish Nationalists, Mr. O'Brien is young, being only thirty-six years of age, yet he has made his mark both as a speaker and as a journalist; he has conducted a campaign (which was rather a failure) against Lord Lansdowne in Canada; and, like a good many modern M.P.'s (especially those of the Irish persuasion), he knows what the inside of a prison is like. Another characteristic of the Irish Nationalist leaders, besides their youth, is their slender physique. Often, too, they are short-sighted, and altogether they take after the American rather than the old-fashioned Hibernian type. Julius Caesar, who distrusted lean men, would say of Mr. O'Brien as he did of Cassius, "Would he were fatter!" There is not a prominent man in the whole Parnellite regiment who can match the jovial, broad-shouldered burliness of the late Daniel O'Connell.

2. "A POLITICAL ORATOR."—This is a portrait of a well-known Cork Nationalist haranguing the crowd. In his right hand he carries his celebrated "Tipperary Rifle," *anglice*, "blackthorn," said to be the finest specimen in the South of Ireland.

3. "CELL IN A COUNTY POLICE BARRACKS."—These cells are rarely used, as prisoners are moved on to the nearest gaol as soon as possible. In this sketch the two prisoners are sitting on the now famous plank bed, surrounded by washing-tubs, frying-pans and other domestic utensils; while on the wall hangs a sirloin of beef, showing us that the cell is more often used by the constabulary as a larder than as a prison.

4. "A LANDLORD."—This is a typical portrait of one of the many unfortunate resident landlords. Being the next heir to a large estate in Co. Galway, he has always had an allowance from the estate, but, for the last two years or more, owing to the rents not being paid, he has not received a penny.

5. "HERE THEY COME!"—When an eviction is expected and the tenants intend to resist, scouts are placed on the hills to report when the police appear, in order that the inmates of the house about to be attacked may have time to barricade the door (the windows being already barricaded), and prepare the stirabout, which consists of a mixture of lime, meal, and hot water, to throw on the police. As the evictions generally take place at about daybreak, these scouts are out on the hills for the greater part of the night.

advocated Home Rule in the stereotyped fashion, and at a meeting of the Oxford Union Lord Randolph Churchill denounced Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy in one of his slashing speeches, declaring that even if the next General Election gave Mr. Gladstone a majority, the ex-Premier would find it impossible to devise a plan which would retain Irish members at Westminster, while giving them a Parliament of their own. Even if a Statutory Parliament of some kind or other could be set up in Ireland, it would be shattered and shivered at the outset by the armed and irresistible resistance of Protestant Ulster.—As the dinner guest of the Eighty Club Sir William Harcourt on Tuesday made a speech full of jubilation over the results of the Southwark and West Edinburgh elections. He gloried in the change which had come over him since he tauntingly told the Conservatives that he would leave them "to stew in the Parnellite juice." He proclaimed himself proud of his alliance with the Parnellites. "They think," he said, "to make us ashamed by taunting us with the co-operation, but we are not ashamed of it. It is the very essence of the policy which we are promoting."

Seventy-five resident graduates of Oxford University have signed and sent a memorial to Mr. Gladstone, informing him of their approval of his Irish policy. The signatories include only two heads of houses, Dr. Bright, University, and Dr. Magrath, Queen's, with Dr. Fairbairn the principal of the Nonconformist Institution, Mansfield Hall. Among the Professors who have signed the most conspicuous is the inevitable Dr. Freeman, the historian.—Certain English Separatists have recently removed from the presidency of the Allotments Association, because he is a Unionist, Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., whose exertions mainly produced the Allotments Act, and whose motion on the subject of allotments (one previously and studiously neglected by Mr. Gladstone), was taken advantage of by the Premier to defeat Lord Salisbury's Government in 1885, and thus to recover office, after which achievement he studiously ignored the allotment question. Another act of a similar character, but not quite so successful, was the recent deposition, at a very small meeting, of Lord Durham, because a Unionist, from the Presidency of the Sunderland and North Durham Liberal Association, which he has held for fifteen years, and the substitution for him of Mr. S. Storey, M.P. But Mr. Storey, although a thorough Gladstonian, has declined the honour thrust upon him, and writes to say that had he been present at the meeting he would have voted in support of Lord Durham, and that if the meeting of members had been a large one, Lord Durham would not have been deposed.—At a demonstration at the Riding School in Seymour Place, Bryanston Square, to welcome Messrs. Cunningham Graham and Mr. John Burns on their liberation, Mr. Michael Davitt presided, the other principal speakers being the two "heroes" of the occasion, Professor Stuart, M.P., Mrs. Besant, and Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P. The oratory was of the kind to be expected from the orators. Mr. Cunningham Graham, however, with obvious reference to a recent violent speech of his fellow "martyr," said that whatever might have to be done in the future, the present was not a time to talk of descending into the streets to risk life.

BY-ELECTIONS.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has been re-elected for West Bristol without opposition.—Mr. Evelyn having at last resigned, Mr. Darling (C) has issued his address to the electors of Deptford. Lady Anne Blunt is actively canvassing for her husband. The polling will take place on Wednesday next week. At the General Election last year, Mr. Evelyn, who then stood as a Conservative, had a majority of 627 over Mr. Ghose (G).—For the seat at Hampstead, vacant through Sir Henry Holland's elevation to the Upper House, the Conservative candidate is Mr. E. Brodie Hoare, banker. At the General Election last year, Sir Henry defeated Mr. W. R. Scott (G), by the large majority of 1,762.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER received on Wednesday a deputation of working coachmakers, who urged the repeal of the carriage-duty. Mr. Goschen pointed out that as this tax pressed chiefly on the wealthier classes, there were others the repeal of which would be more desirable. But he had under consideration a modification of the tax so far as it pressed less heavily on, and thus encouraged purchasers to prefer, the lighter class of carriage, the construction of which gave very little employment to joiners, upholsterers, and painters.

SIR BERNHARD SAMUELSON presided on Tuesday at the opening of the Annual Session of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, and spoke of a decided improvement in our trade which, however, did not extend to the greatest of our industries, agriculture, nor should this improvement, he thought, shut our eyes to the great development of manufactures in those countries which compete with us. A fair-trade resolution, pointing in the direction of an Imperial Zollverein of Great Britain and her Colonies, was rejected by a great majority. A resolution, moved by Sir John Lubbock and adopted unanimously, affirmed the desirability of giving, in Civil Service and other examinations, equal marks and honours to candidates passing in any modern language and in elementary science to those now conferred for knowledge of Greek, Latin, &c.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, when opening Oxford Hall (referred to in our "Topic Notes") spoke of the misery caused among the poor by intemperance and early marriages. Such marriages did not appear, he said, to take place in the upper class; on the contrary, young men in that class seemed inclined to give up the idea of marriage. But in his own part of London it almost made his blood run cold to think of the number of early marriages. Sometimes he heard in Lambeth Church on a Sunday morning after Easter the list read out of the third, the second, and the first time of asking So-and-So, and there were an enormous number of minors who did not think it any harm, although quite devoid of means, to set up and begin to bring a family into the world.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The late Sir John Staples, Lord Mayor of London in 1885-6, has left, besides freehold property, personally valued at upwards of 103,000/. Mr. A. H. Green, Professor of Geology in the Yorkshire College, Leeds, has been elected to the Chair of Geology at Oxford.—According to the analyst of the Local Government Board, in a single metropolitan district, Londoners were paying between 7,000/ and 8,000/ a year for water sold under the name of milk, while the fines inflicted in it, during the same period, on delinquent milkmen, amounted to a mere 100/—The balance-sheet of the Manchester Exhibition shows it to have been a great financial success, there being a net surplus in hand of more than 48,000/.

OUR OBITUARY records the death, in his seventy-ninth year, of Admiral Sir William Edmonstone, Bart., Conservative M.P. for Admiralty from 1874 to 1880; on the eve of his seventy-ninth birthday, of Admiral John Fulford, who had seen much service in various parts of the world; in his seventy-first year, of Major-General Sir Thomas Peyton, an Anglo-Indian veteran, a prominent member of both the Coaching and Four-in-Hand Clubs, who for some time drove the Windsor and occasionally the Dorking coach; in his seventy-first year, of the Rev. Dr. John H. Jellett, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, who was appointed to that office by Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1881, but since Mr. Gladstone embraced Home Rule has been an active and prominent Unionist; in his fifty-eighth year, of Mr. John Coleman, agricultural editor of the *Field*, and a Professor of Cirencester College; and in his seventieth year, of the Rev. George Percy Badger, the eminent Orientalist, author of many works chiefly relating to Arabian literature and history and to his own travels.



POLITICAL ITEMS.—Sir Henry Holland, the able and popular Secretary of State for the Colonies, is raised to the Upper House as Lord Knutsford, while retaining his office and his seat in the Cabinet. Lord Onslow, the present Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Baron de Worms, the present Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, exchange offices, the Baron while going to the Colonial Office, retaining the presidency of the Sugar Bounties Conference.—On Wednesday Lord Spencer, at Ashton-under-Lyne,



THE QUEEN has promised to lend the water-colour pictures presented to her as Jubilee gifts to the International Art Exhibition at Vienna this spring.

THE EUROPEAN STANDARD OF TIME is now used in Japan, where it was officially introduced at the New Year. The time is exactly nine hours ahead of Greenwich.

THE FORTHCOMING ITALIAN EXHIBITION IN LONDON is being zealously organised. The Crown Prince of Italy has become the Honorary President, and over 1,200 Italians have applied for space.

THE BRUSSELS MUSEUM has acquired a splendid collection of modern pictures, having bought the collection of the late M. Jules Van Praet. Recent French painters—Millet, Meissonier, Rousseau, Corot, Delacroix, &c.—are finely represented, so that Brussels will be better off in this respect than the Paris Louvre itself.

THE NEWSPAPERS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM now number 2,177, daily and weekly. Of these London claims 454, while 1,273 come out in the English provinces. Scotland publishes 189, Ireland 158, Wales 82, and the Islands 21. Further, the magazines and reviews amount to 1,508, of which 399 have distinctly religious tendencies.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS was opened last Sunday to members of the Sunday Society, when 284 visitors were recorded in two hours. This was the fifty-sixth Sunday Art Exhibition in London opened under the auspices of the Sunday Society. Next Sunday also the public will be admitted by tickets obtained through members of the Society.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S FAMOUS RECENT SPEECH in the German Reichstag on the increase of German armaments so enchanted the people of Cologne that they will present the Chancellor with a huge memorial silver salver, bought by public subscription. The salver will be engraved with Prince Bismarck's concluding words:—"We Germans fear God, we fear no one else."

THE GIANT AMERICAN LOG RAFT, which recently came to grief in the Atlantic, is still a considerable source of danger to shipping approaching the American coast. A steamer on her way from Stettin to New York last week was put in peril for five days by getting amongst the drifting logs of the raft. Her propeller was injured and the rudder disabled by the floating timbers.

THE SPOT where Louis II. of Bavaria met his fate in Lake Starnberg will shortly be marked by a small stone chapel on piles, erected as a memorial by the Bavarian Royal Family. Since the unfortunate King's death, in 1866, a wooden cross had been placed on the site, but relic-hunters soon made havoc of so perishable a memento. The foundation stone of the chapel will be laid on the anniversary of Louis's death, June 13th.

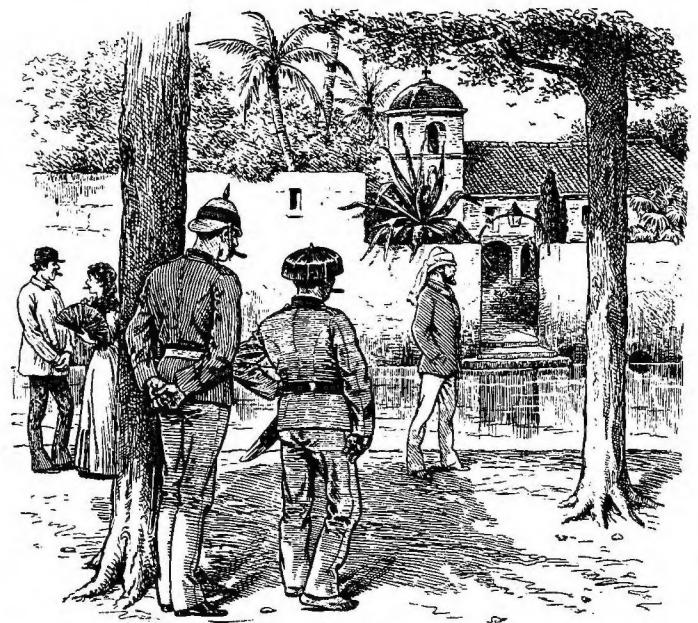
PUBLIC CELEBRITIES worried by admirers for autographs and locks of hair may take a hint from General Sherman, the American statesman, who has just declined to be one of the next Presidential candidates. He has printed a public statement as follows:—"It is impossible for me to comply with all the requests for autographs, and I cannot send any more locks of hair because I have discharged my secretary, whose hair had entirely disappeared under constant application of the scissors. The orderly who now serves me is completely bald."

A BRETON PASSION-PLAY TROUPE has been found in a remote corner of Brittany, at Plouaret, near Lannion. Like the players at Oberammergau, the actors are simple peasants and villagers, all plying some kind of trade, who, on festival occasions, such as the Grand Pardon, &c., reproduce old miracle-plays, representations of the Passion, and other Scriptural themes in the open air. The Bretons are thoroughly in earnest and quaintly old-fashioned in their ideas of stage-arrangements, while they regard the plays as solemn religious ceremonies, not as mere food for amusement.

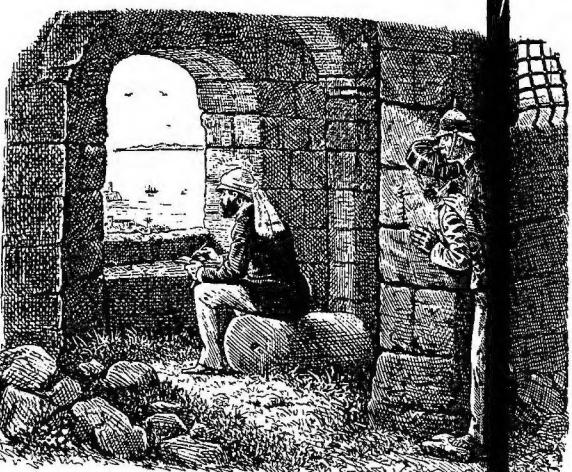
LENT is a special time for collecting "indulgences" with pious Roman Catholics in Italy, according to a study of Italian habits quoted by the Paris *Temps*. There "indulgences," obtained either by some act of charity, some extra devotions, or else bought with money, dispense devout believers from so many days of purgatory, and are carefully gathered together by all classes of society. Fashionable ladies keep their "indulgence-book," bound in white satin, with silver corners, and bearing the owner's monogram. One pious Marchioness, declares the correspondent, strictly wrote down on the vellum leaves of her book the date, motive, and length of each indulgence, and when he last saw her book she had economised 103 years, 7 months, and 12 days of indulgences. As she was only twenty-two years of age, the energetic Marchioness might hope to amass indulgences to the amount of 500 years, which would effectively free her from purgatory, and secure her entrance to Paradise straight from this world.

THE CARNIVAL last week was a mere shadow of its former self in most Italian towns. Only foreigners and the mob took part in the flower and *confetti* battles in the Roman Corso, and as this year the Municipality offered no prizes for either costumes, cars, or decorated balconies, the whole affair was tame and spiritless. All the fun was reserved for the masked balls and concerts. Exactly the same verdict applied to Naples. Indeed, keen observers are noting how much more prosaic and business-like the Italians are growing, so that they even regard the Carnival as waste of time and money. Perhaps most animation was shown across the frontier at Nice, where the chief Battle of Flowers was postponed till after the Carnival proper—to Thursday—owing to bad weather. Not only flowers were thrown, but a host of ornamental missiles—fans, perfume-sachets, tambourines, baskets, tea-cloths adorned with Russian embroidery, and so forth. One of the prettiest cars was a mass of white lilac and wallflowers, relieved with rosettes of blue satin, on which perched rare birds. This was run close by a "cab" converted into an arbour of red and white camellias, tied with green and yellow ribbons, a "mail-coach" covered with violets and wall-flowers, a victoria hidden by delicate mimosa sprays, and a landau smothered in white narcissus tied with red ribbons.

LONDON MORTALITY further decreased last week, and 1,689 deaths were registered, against 1,838 during the previous seven days, a fall of 149, being 218 below the average, and at the rate of 20.6 per 1,000. There were 14 from measles (a decline of 1), 1 from small-pox, 30 from scarlet fever (a fall of 6, but being 1 above the average), 18 from diphtheria (a decrease of 22), 122 from whooping-cough (a fall of 32, but 20 above the average), 18 from enteric fever (a rise of 6), 8 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 4), and not one from typhus, ill-defined form of fever, or cholera. There were 1,395 scarlet fever patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals at the close of last week, besides 75 in the London Fever Hospital. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 487 (a decline of 74, and were 57 below the average). Different forms of violence caused 39 deaths: 37 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 16 from fractures and contusions, 4 from burns and scalds, and 11 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Two cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,569 births registered, against 2,830 the previous week, being 330 below the average.



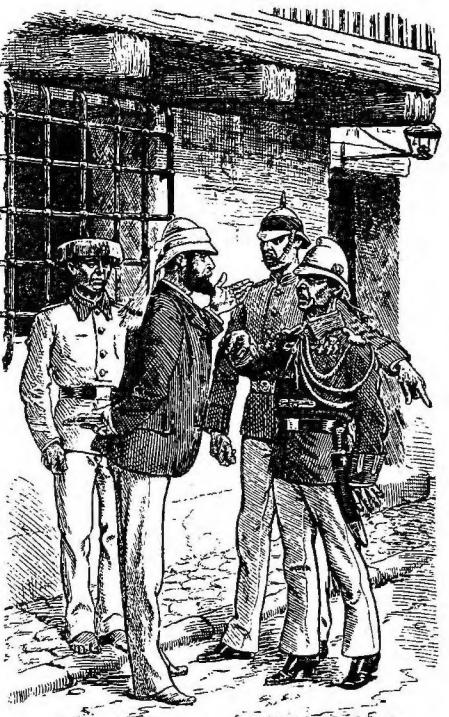
1. OUR ARTIST IS OBSERVED WALKING AND NOT SMOKING. HE INCURS THE NATURAL SUSPICION OF THE AUTHORITIES



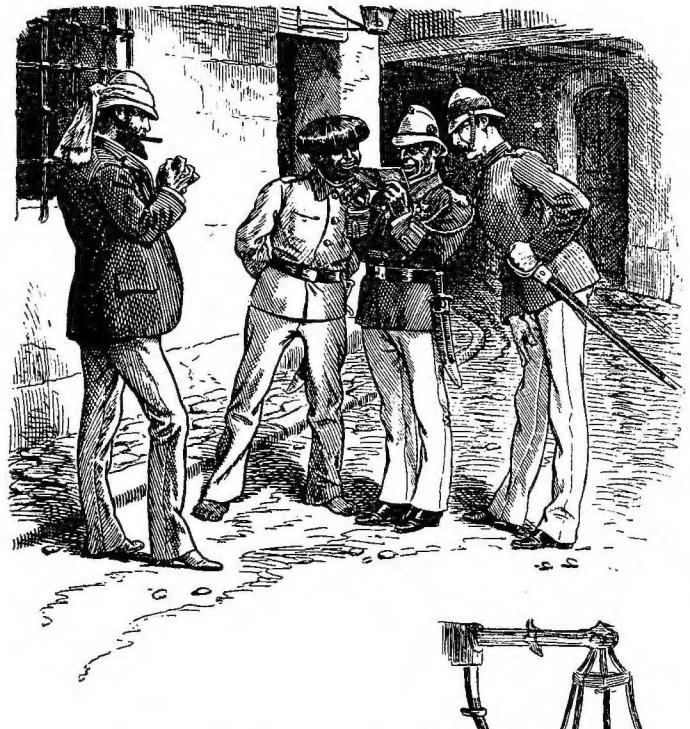
2. HE IS FOLLOWED, AND OBSERVED TO BE SKETCHING



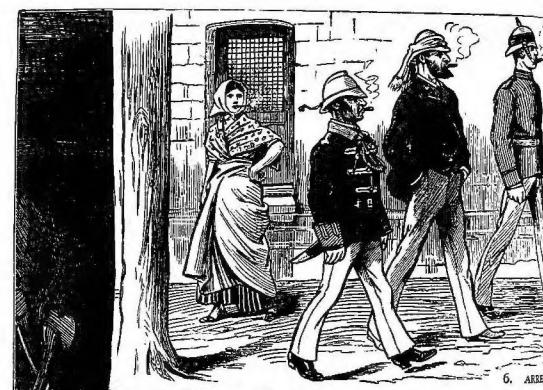
3. STILL AT IT. "HE MUST BE ARRESTED"



4. CORNERED



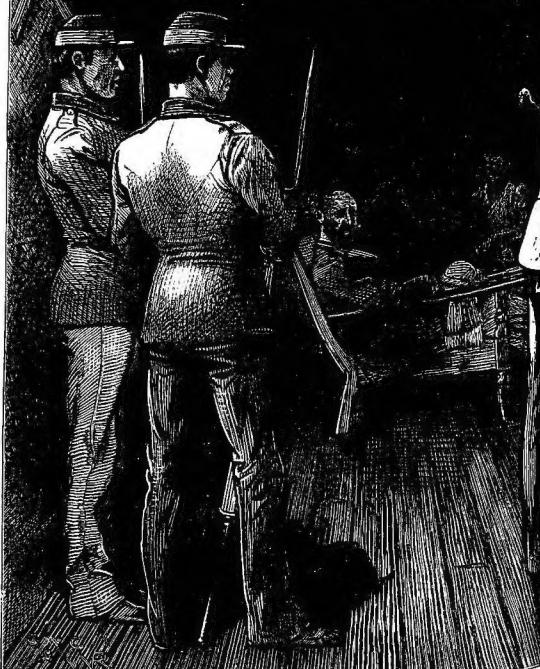
5. THE BOLD GENDARMES ARE AMUSED



6. ARREST



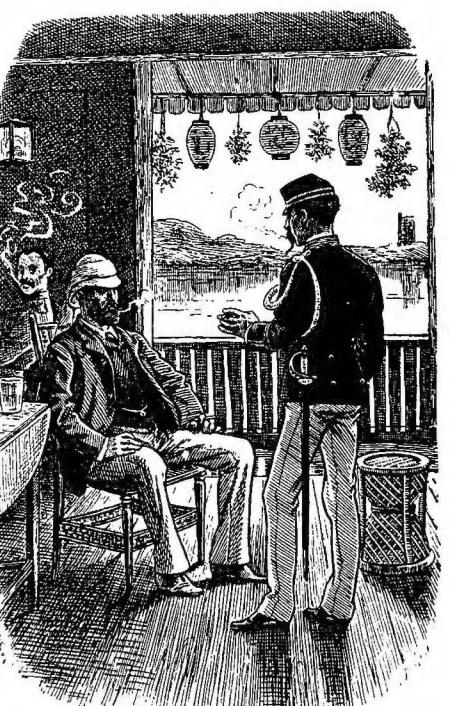
7. HE EXPLAINS THE MATTER TO SOME FRIENDS WHOM HE MEETS ON THE WAY TO THE POLICE-STATION



8. AT THE STATION-HOUSE



JOHN IS PERPLEXED BY THE NOVELTY OF THE CASE



9. AND APOLOGISES NEXT DAY IN A CAFE, THUS "CLOSING THE INCIDENT;" "NO ONE," HE SAYS, "HAS EVER BEFORE BEEN SEEN SKETCHING IN MANILA"



PRINCE BISMARCK'S speech is bearing fruit, and Russia has at last taken the initiative in reviving negotiations for a definitive settlement of the Bulgarian question. There are, of course, countless rumours as to the nature and extent of these negotiations, but, as far as can be gathered, it appears that Russia has asked the other Great Powers to join her in bringing pressure upon the Porte to declare Prince Ferdinand a usurper, and in pronouncing the present condition of affairs in Bulgaria to be illegal according to the terms of the Berlin Treaty. Russia, however, does not seem to have made any suggestion with regard to the means of expelling Prince Ferdinand, nor of the course to be adopted after his expulsion, so that, although Germany would certainly give her support to any definitive scheme Russia might put forth, Prince Bismarck could hardly be expected to lend material influence to secure the acceptance of such a half-hearted project. Moreover, Austria will not consent to a step which, too surely, would involve the military occupation of the Principality by Russian troops, for it is a common remark in Vienna, that the Berlin Treaty gave Bulgaria to the Bulgarians and not to Russia. People, therefore, are not looking forward with any confidence to the success of the negotiations, and the general forecast of the situation is far from optimistic. It is again pointed out that Russia has now collected 800,000 men on the German and Austrian frontiers, while Austria and Italy are making every preparation for an eventual campaign. This is especially the case with Italy, where the arsenals are now working night and day, and the ironclads are being made ready for immediate service. The attitude of England is being universally discussed, and little doubt is expressed that some tacit arrangement exists by which the English fleet will co-operate with the Austrian and Italian squadrons in the event of war. The relative appointments of Count Rabilant—who contributed so much to secure the *entente* with Austria—as Ambassador in London, and of Lord Dufferin to the British Embassy at Rome, are hailed as yet further signs of the amicable relations between Great Britain and Italy.

In GERMANY the meagre information afforded by the medical bulletins of the Crown Prince's condition excited the gravest apprehensions throughout the earlier part of the week, and these were further heightened by the pessimistic telegrams sent from San Remo by the correspondents of the German Press. The Prince seems to suffer from severe coughing, owing to irritation caused by the tube in his throat, and to expectorate great quantities of phlegm, more or less tinged with blood. He is able, however, to get up and dress, and to take solid food, while the wound is pronounced to be healing, and there has been no fever whatever. The laryngoscopic examinations, also, show that the inflammation and swelling of the vocal chord have decreased. On the other hand, Sir Morell Mackenzie, who was to have returned to England some days since, remains indefinitely at San Remo, and it is generally felt that the Prince's condition has been far more serious than the doctors think advisable to admit. By the latest accounts, however, he is better, and it is even said that he will be able to go out shortly if the weather improves. Prince Bismarck held a conference with the Emperor on the subject on Monday, and it is stated that the Emperor is anxious to visit his son, but that his medical advisers strenuously oppose any such steps. Meanwhile Prince William is going to see his father.

There is little political news this week from FRANCE, where the Wilson trial—referred to elsewhere—has been the chief topic of interest. The Chamber has been discussing the various items of the Budget, and a royal field-day was expected on Thursday on the vote for the secret service money—a matter which M. Tirard had decided to make a Cabinet question. The weather in Paris, and, indeed, throughout France, has been unusually severe, and heavy snow has fallen even in the South—visitors at Pau being unable to indulge in lawn tennis, golf, and other out-of-door pastimes—as is customary at this season in the "sunny South." England is still in fair favour with the French, and much satisfaction has been expressed at the decision of the British Government, and the spirit shown towards the forthcoming Exhibition by the Circular issued by Sir James Ferguson to the Chambers of Commerce and other bodies. In this it is stated that Her Majesty's Government will afford intending exhibitors all desirable facilities, and that the Board of Trade will arrange with the various railway companies respecting the transit of goods. Belgium, like England, has promised to support the Exhibition, not officially, but "officieusement."

In the UNITED STATES the Fisheries Treaty has been brought before the Senate, and duly published. It provides for the appointment of a Mixed Commission to delimit the waters of Canada, as to which the United States by the Treaty of 1818 renounced all liberty to take, cure, or dry fish. The much discussed three mile limit, within which the United States boats are not to fish, is to be measured seaward from the low water mark; but in every bay, creek, or harbour not otherwise provided for "such miles are to be measured seaward from a straight line drawn across such waters in the part nearest the entrance at the first point where the width does not exceed ten miles." Any disagreement between the Commissioners is to be irrevocably decided by an umpire appointed jointly by the President of the United States and the British Ambassador. It is stipulated that American fishing vessels may enter Canadian waters for the purpose of shelter and repairs without reporting their entering and clearing, provided that they do not remain more than twenty-four hours or communicate with the shore, and that American fishermen entering Canadian or Newfoundland ports under stress of weather or other casualty may sell their fish and replenish such stores as have been damaged or lost.

Licences to purchase provisions and supplies such as are ordinarily used by trading vessels are to be granted gratis to the fishermen on their homeward voyage, but these are not to be obtained by barter or for the purposes of re-sale and traffic. Canadian and Newfoundland fishermen are to be allowed on the Atlantic coast of the United States all privileges thus given to American fishermen. Whenever the United States removes the duty on oil and other products of the fisheries conducted by Canadians and Newfoundlanders, licences will be given gratis to American fishermen to purchase, in Canadian and Newfoundland ports, bait, fishing-lines, and other appliances; nothing, however, save bait, to be obtained by barter. Provision is made for inflicting penalties on offenders against the Treaty, which is to be ratified by the United States and Great Britain, after having received the assent of the Parliaments of Canada and Newfoundland. President Cleveland, in his Message when sending the Treaty to the Senate, advises its adoption in the warmest terms, stating that it contains "a just, honourable, and therefore a satisfactory solution" of the difficulty. He also praises the British delegates for having suggested a *modus vivendi* until the Treaty is ratified. By this the privileges accorded to the American fishermen by the Treaty may be enjoyed at once by the payment of a small tonnage fee. The Treaty will be sharply contested, and is not unlikely to be buried after all.—A terrible cyclone swept over the town of Mount Vernon, Illinois, on Saturday, levelling half the place to the ground. A conflagration followed, and three-fourths of the business-quarter were destroyed, five hundred houses being wrecked and thirty-six persons killed. The cyclone is described as consisting of the usual

revolving black cloud in the form of an inverted cone. Everything it struck in its path, which was estimated at 500 feet wide, was demolished.—General Sheridan has declined to become a candidate for the Presidency.

In INDIA General Chesney is about to bring a Bill into Council to establish a reserve in the Native army, similar to that which exists in the British Army. The reason for this is that many Indian soldiers take their discharge after five to ten years, as being generally agriculturists, and, having an interest in family lands, they could not conveniently absent themselves for very long periods. They have military instincts, however, and it was hoped and believed their reserve pay, carrying only a liability for active service on emergencies, would attract large numbers to join the reserve. As a contrast to the eulogies pronounced on Lord Dufferin by the Anglo-Indian press, some of which we quoted last week, the organs of the native agitators express great satisfaction at his resignation, and in the words of the *Bom-Bay Samachar* declare that "the people of India will not be sorry at Lord Dufferin's departure, as his policy has been distasteful to the children of the soil." The news from Burma is not encouraging. There have been several encounters with bodies of dacoits in the northern districts, several violent crimes have been committed in the Mandalay district, and the district nearest the hills has been harassed by Shan raiders. A body of these raiders, however, were pursued by the Burmese police, who killed the marauders. On the 15th inst. one of the most dangerous dacoit leaders, Boh Yakut, was executed for murder.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, we hear from ITALY of the death of Count Corti, a distinguished statesman, and recently Ambassador to this country. He was recalled by Signor Crispi, who bore him ill-will because he did not obtain anything for Italy at the Berlin Congress. Count Corti had remarked that on Italy's début as a Great Power he could not "carry round the hat." It now appears that France would have been ready to make certain concessions on the Tunis Question. Hence Signor Crispi's wrath.—The Pope last week received a deputation from Scotland, who brought him 12,000/- as Peter's pence.—In SPAIN there have been heavy snowstorms, which have interrupted the railway traffic in the north.—From EGYPT come rumours of a disagreement between Nubar Pasha and Sir Evelyn Baring, owing to the latter wishing to effect certain reforms in the departments of the Ministry of the Interior and in the police organisation.—Diplomatic relations have been broken off between Great Britain and VENEZUELA, owing to a dispute regarding a gold mining district on the frontier of British Guiana which is claimed by both nations.



THE QUEEN returned to Windsor from Osborne at the end of last week, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry with their children and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. On Saturday the Queen of Sweden and Prince Oscar lunched with Her Majesty, being welcomed at the Windsor Station by Princess Beatrice, while the Royal guests did not return to London till late in the afternoon. On Sunday the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated, and next evening the Maharajah of Kuch Behar and Viscount Cross dined with the Royal party. The Maharajah left on Tuesday morning, but Viscount Cross remained to attend the Council, which Her Majesty held late in the day, and at which several other members of the Government were present. On Thursday the Queen was to come up to town with Prince and Princess Henry. The first Drawing-Room of the season was to take place yesterday (Friday), attended by the chief members of the Royal Family now in England, while to-day (Saturday) Her Majesty returns to Windsor. The Queen will again stay in town a fortnight hence for the next Drawing-Room, on March 9th.

The Prince of Wales remains on the Continent. He went over to Nice last week for the Battle of Flowers, and with the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin took an active part in the contest from the top of a coach, being presented with a *bannière d'honneur* by the Carnival committee. Afterwards the Prince returned to Cannes, and on Monday evening arrived at San Remo to see the German Crown Prince. The Grand Duke of Hesse, Princess Irene, and Prince Henry met him at Ventimiglia, and he dined at the Villa Zirio with the Crown Princess on Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday he returned to Cannes. The Princess and daughters have come up to town for the Drawing-Room, having remained hitherto at Sandringham, where they attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's on Sunday. They will stay till about the 25th March. Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess, came of age on Wednesday. Several Royal guests will come to London next month to the Prince and Princess's Silver Wedding—the Crown Princes and Princesses of Denmark and of Sweden, and possibly the King and Queen of Denmark, all of whom will be present at the Queen's State Banquet, at Windsor, in honour of the event.—Prince Albert Victor has been staying this week with Viscount and Viscountess Galway, at Serby Hall, but the weather much interfered with the intended hunting programme.

Another anniversary in the Royal Family to be kept this year will be the coming of age of Prince and Princess Christian's eldest son, Prince Christian Victor, which will be duly feted at Windsor on April 14th. The Queen of Sweden and Prince Oscar left London on Monday for Bournemouth, where they occupy Craig Head, on East Cliff. They stayed at Farnborough en route to visit the ex-Empress Eugénie, who is far from well. Before leaving town, the Queen and Prince gave several dinner-parties and saw numerous visitors, besides attending Divine Service on Sunday at the Swedish Church, Rotherhithe. The Duchess of Albany visited her aunt and cousin nearly every day before their departure. Continental Sovereigns are not enjoying the best of health just now. King William of the Netherlands, who has just kept his seventy-first birthday, has been confined to his bed by a violent neuralgic attack, the King of Württemberg is in a critical state of health at Florence, having recently been obliged to winter abroad owing to his delicate chest, and the young King of Spain is announced to be teething. The health of the German Crown Princess also causes some uneasiness, owing to the anxious strain she has experienced for the last few months. She will hardly leave her husband's room. The Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden have been to San Remo to see the Crown Prince, and were much delayed on their journey by the snow stopping the traffic on the St. Gothard line.



THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF ST. PAUL'S have appointed the Rev. Dr. Atlay, Archdeacon of Calcutta, to the Vicarage of Willesden, vacant by the resignation, through ill-health, of the Rev. J. C. Wharton.

A RUMOUR, the *Record* says, is current in well-informed quarters to the effect that some reconstruction of the area under the supervision of the Bishop of Bedford will ensue on the appointment of a successor to Dr. How. It is thought that Islington may go with East London.

THE ERECTION of the memorial "Milton window," referred to previously in this column, the gift of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to St. Margaret's, Westminster, was publicly recognised by the Archdeacon Farrar, the Rector, in his sermon on Sunday last. On the Saturday afternoon a few friends of the Archdeacon met by special invitation in the vestry, and listened to a paper on the genius of Milton, read by Mr. Matthew Arnold. As the paper is to appear in an American periodical, Mr. Arnold did not wish it to be foreshadowed by reports in the London newspapers. Archdeacon Farrar states these circumstances in order to explain the exclusion of reporters and the public on the occasion. In an article in the *Quarterly Review*, "A French Critic on Milton," Mr. Arnold, we may add, has already given a brief and appreciative, but by no means exaggerated, estimate of Milton as a poet and a man.

THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY of Cardinal Newman, who is in excellent health, was celebrated in the usual manner at the Oratory, Birmingham, on Tuesday. The Cardinal received numerous congratulatory letters and telegrams from all parts of the world.



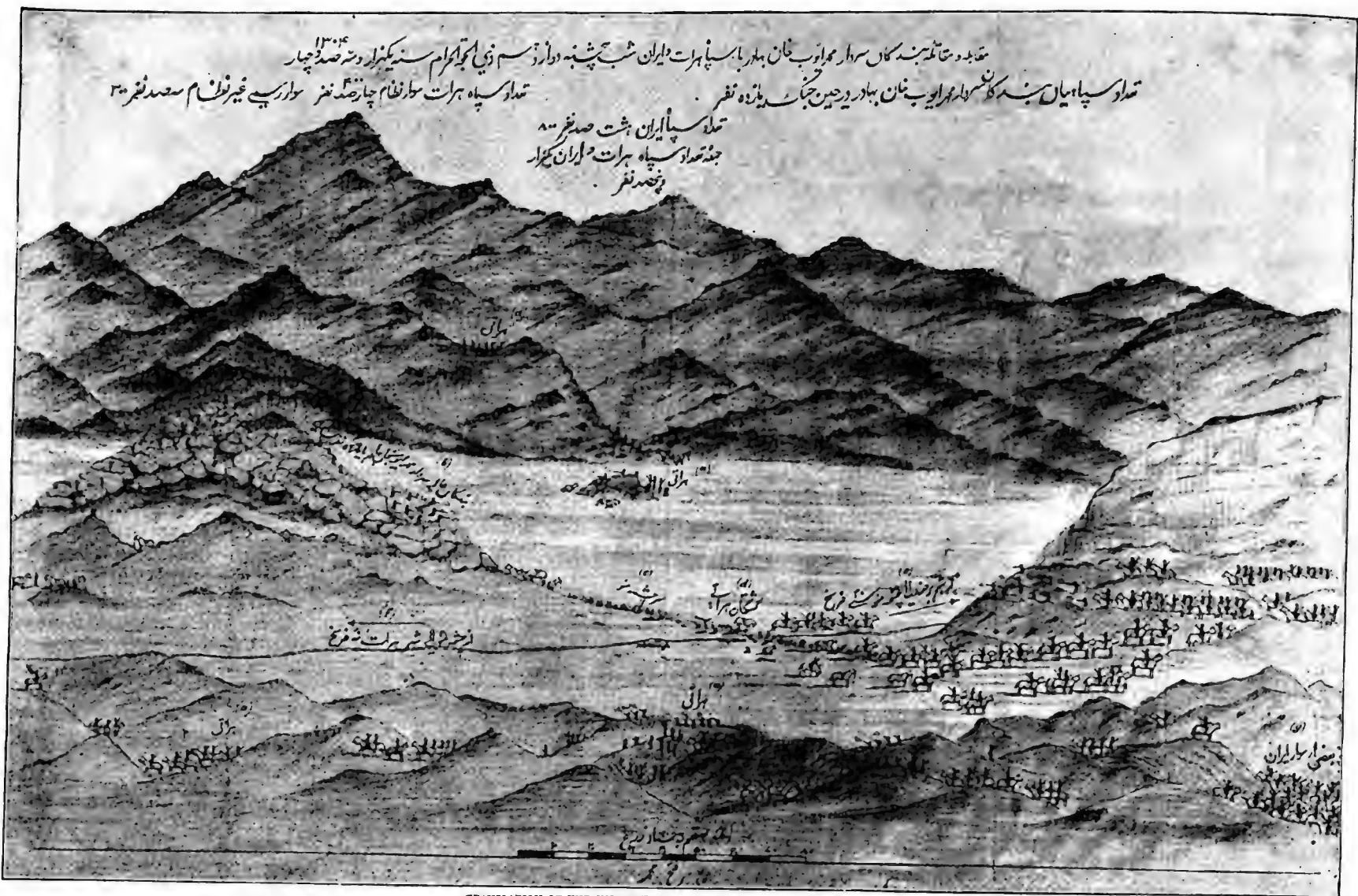
THE NEW ROYAL ACADEMY PRINCIPAL.—Dr. Alexander Campbell Mackenzie was, on Wednesday, elected Principal of the Royal Academy of Music in succession to the late Sir G. A. Macfarren. The contest between Dr. Mackenzie and Mr. Joseph Barnby, precentor of Eton College, was an exceedingly close one, but in the result the Scottish musician came off victor. Dr. Mackenzie was born at Edinburgh in 1847, and was at first taught by his father. As a boy of eleven, he went to Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, where, in order to assist in his maintenance, he played the violin at the local theatre. He returned to England and studied under M. Sainton at the Royal Academy of Music. In 1865 he set up in Edinburgh as a teacher, but he went on the Continent in 1879, and has since only occasionally resided in this country. Dr. Mackenzie received the honorary degree of Mus. Doc., Edinburgh, 1886. He has been a prolific composer, and has written two operas, (*Colomba* and *The Troubadour*), an oratorio, (*The Rose of Sharon*), three cantatas (*The Bride, Jason, and The Story of Sayid*), a violin concerto, a pianoforte quartet, a Jubilee Ode, three anthems, and a large number of Scottish and other songs, part-songs, and instrumental pieces. Of the various important branches of the composer's art, the symphony alone he has not touched. He is conductor of Novello's Choir, and is now engaged upon an Ode (to Mr. Robert Buchanan's words) for the opening of the Glasgow Exhibition, and an Oratorio for the Leeds Festival. Dr. Mackenzie comes of a musical family. His great-grandfather was a member of the band of the Forfarshire Militia in the "Pretender's" days. His grandfather, John Mackenzie, was a violinist and teacher, and he left the Theatre Royal, Aberdeen, to direct the band of Ducrow, at Edinburgh, in 1831. His father, Alexander Mackenzie, who died in 1857, was a pupil of Sainton. For many years he led the band at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and in his day he was considered one of the best authorities on Scottish national melodies. The history of the Mackenzie family, indeed, discloses a series of very remarkable examples of the heredity of musical talent.

MR. SPEER'S "DAY DREAM."—Lord Tennyson's *Day Dream*, however high may be its merits as abstract poetry, is not well suited to musical treatment. The story of "The Sleeping Beauty," as told by the Laureate, lacks incident, and some of the lines are most difficult to set to music. Consequently, in his new cantata, founded on the greater part of the poem in question, and produced at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, Mr. Charlton T. Speer was at the outset somewhat handicapped. Furthermore, it was quite obvious that the young Royal Academy Professor lacked experience in scoring such a work for orchestra. On the other hand, Mr. Speer has wisely treated the subject in a simple and unpretentious manner, his music flowing along from beginning to end in an almost unbroken stream of melody, without any attempt at dramatic power on the one hand, or striking contrasts on the other. The bulk of the work is for chorus; but the description of the Sleeping Beauty by the Fairy Prince is entrusted to the tenor; and, in the scene of the departure, the chief soprano, impersonating the Princess, is introduced to take part in an exceedingly brief love-duet. It would be idle to say that *The Day Dream* is a finished production; but, as a youthful effort, it distinctly shows promise.

NOVELTIES BY MR. McCUNN.—It is not very often that a young native composer of barely twenty is able to secure the production of two more or less important novelties in a single week. The talented Scotsman, Mr. Hamish McCunn, has, however, attained and deserves this good fortune. Last Saturday, at the Crystal Palace, his setting for chorus and orchestra of Thomas Campbell's *Lord Ullin's Daughter* was given for the first time. It is a clever and, in some respects, a remarkable work, displaying not only strong dramatic instinct, and a mastery of orchestral resources, but also a graceful fancy and freshness of ideas. It is, of course, impregnated with the Scottish national characteristics, and the storm scene seems to show that Mr. McCunn may also be credited with descriptive powers of no mean order. Its success at the Crystal Palace was immediate and undoubted. On Tuesday night Mr. McCunn's orchestral ballad, *The Ship o' the Fiend*, already thrice given by Mr. Manns, was produced by Mr. Henschel. The task is an unduly exacting one for a composer of nineteen, but there is no need to harshly criticise the result. Dramatic force and graphic orchestral writings are the chief features of the new "Ballad," which, despite unavoidable evidence of immaturity, is a truly remarkable effort for one so young.

JOSEF HOFMANN RETIRES.—Mail news from America prepared us for the telegram received on Tuesday, that little Josef Hofmann will immediately be withdrawn from public life. For some time past certain charitable people in the United States have made offers to provide for the boy's maintenance and education if he left the concert platform until his brain and talent were fully developed by time and education. 10,000/- was first offered, and latterly 20,000/- was subscribed with this object. We prefer to believe that the reason for Hofmann's retirement lies in the fact that his future is thus provided for, rather than that the lad's health, which was only a few weeks ago declared to be so good, has suddenly broken down. At any rate, according to the telegram, the Hofmann recitals will be stopped, and the boy will almost immediately return to Europe for a long rest. After that it would not be amiss to take into consideration the offer of Mr. Eugène D'Albert (himself but recently a juvenile "prodigy") to undertake little Hofmann's musical education.

SAVOY THEATRE.—A one-act operetta, entitled *Mrs. Farrar's Genie*, written by Mr. Desprez, the music composed by Messrs. Alfred and François Cellier, was successfully produced at this theatre on February 17th. The music is melodious, but somewhat conventional. Apart from the music, however, the piece is above the usual level of such "curtain lifters." The author has made



TRANSLATION OF THE INSCRIPTIONS IN PERSIAN ON THE SKETCH :-

Number of warriors of Herat regular cavalry, 400 persons; irregular cavalry, 300 persons
Number of warriors of Persian cavalry, 800 persons
Total number of warriors at Herat and Iran, one thousand and 500 persons

(a) (a) Herati. (b) His Highness Sirdar Mahamad Ayub Khan Bahadur, with eleven persons, warriors. (c) The Spring of Manu. (d) Silan Heratis. (e) From the City of Bursana to the Spring of Manu, thirty farsakhs—120 miles. (f) From the Spring of Manu to the City of Herat, nine farsakhs. (g) Persian cavalry. (h) Scale of eighty yards. (i) Fateh Mahamad (Signature)

THE RECENT ATTEMPT OF AYUB KHAN TO ENTER AFGHANISTAN—SKIRMISH WITH HERATI TROOPS AT MANU
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY SIRDAR FATEH MAHAMAD KHAN, ONE OF AYUB'S COMPANIONS



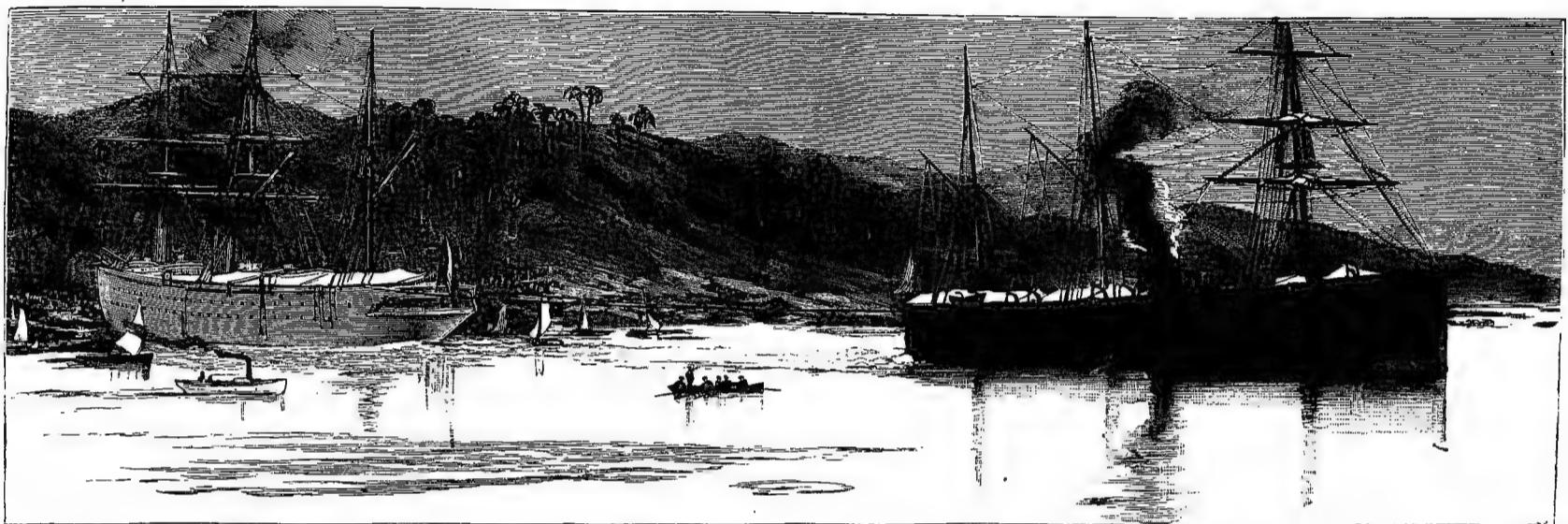
THE CAPTURE OF FORT ROBARI, WEST COAST OF AFRICA
BY THE FIRST WEST INDIA REGIMENT, UNDER COLONEL SIR FRANCIS DE WINTON, K.C.M.G.



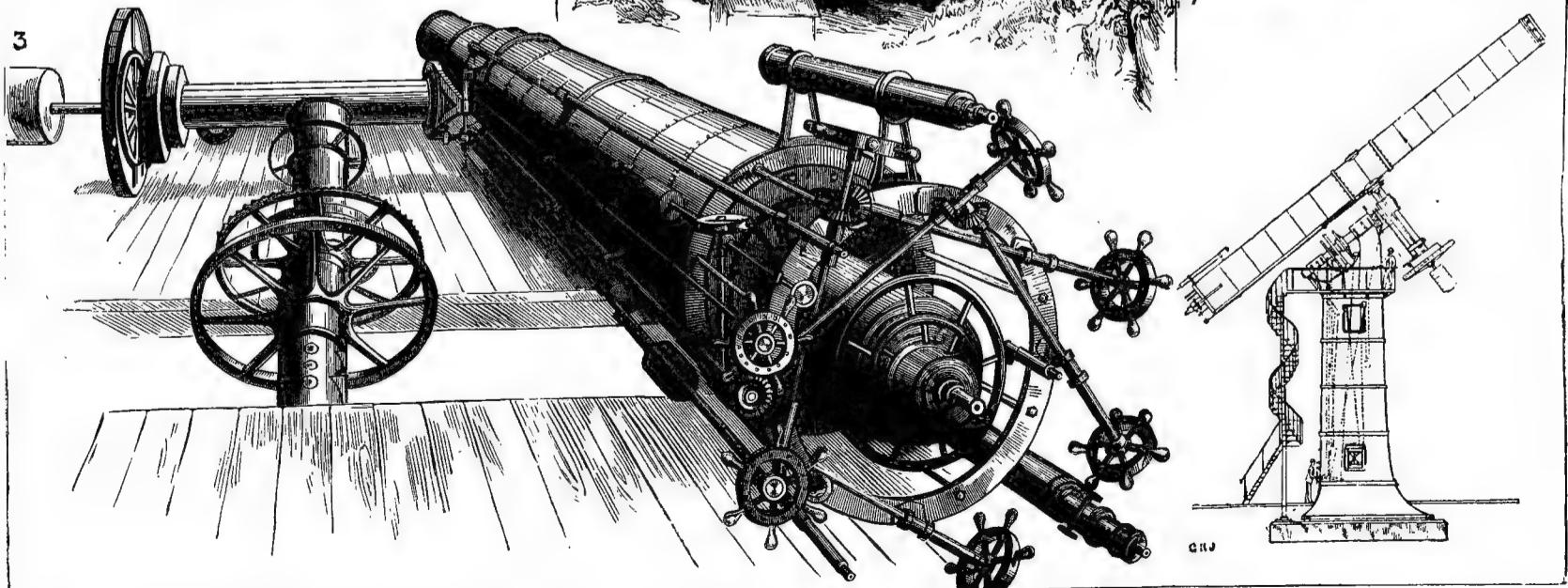
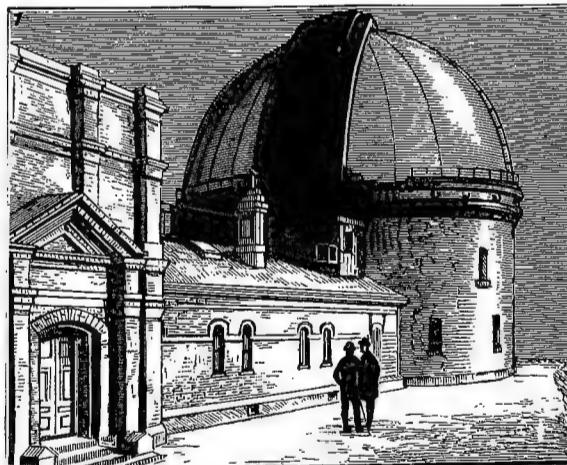
THE REV. H. LATHAM
Elected Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in Succession to the late Sir Henry Maine



THE RIGHT REV. W. WALSHAM HOW, D.D.
First Bishop of the New Diocese of Wakefield



THE FRENCH TRANSPORT, "SHAMROCK," BEING TOWED OFF THE NIYAWELLA ROCKS, NEAR GALLE, CEYLON, BY THE
P. & O. STEAMER "ROSETTA"



1. View from the West, showing the South Half of the Main Building
2. The Observatory from the North-East, showing the

75-Foot Dome to the South, the 25-Foot Dome to the North, the Meridian-Circle in the Centre, and the Dwelling-house on the Brow of the Hill

3. The 36-Inch Equatorial in the Factory at Cleveland, Ohio
4. Design for Mounting of the 36-Inch Refractor by Warner and Swasey

THE LICK OBSERVATORY, MOUNT HAMILTON, CALIFORNIA
NOW FINISHED AND READY FOR WORK

boards, as he defeated Hibberd last week even more easily than Hancock. On an ordinary outdoor track they might make a better show.—Death has been busy among athletes of late. The last victim is the well-known amateur walker, Mr. J. H. M'Intosh, who died last week at the early age of thirty-eight. His record of 9 h. 25 min. 8 sec. for the fifty-two miles from London to Brighton is likely to stand for a long time.—The Road-Scullers' Race at the Aquarium ended, as we anticipated, in the easy victory of Ross, who covered 330 miles, East being second with 325.

FOOTBALL.—Old Westminsters beat the Casuals in the final tie of the London Association Cup on Saturday, after an even but not very high-class game. On the same day Preston North End easily defeated Crewe Alexandra at Liverpool, and West Bromwich Albion beat Derby Junction at Stoke, in the "semi-finals" of the National Cup competition. The winners meet at the Oval in the final tie on March 24th. The match between Oxford and Cambridge on Wednesday ended in favour of the Dark Blues by three goals to two. This was their first victory since 1882, and they have now won five times to the ten of Cambridge. An Association Club, the "Boston Rovers," has been started in the States.—The British football players who are going to visit the Colonies start on March 8th.—Rugbywise, Yorkshire has beaten Surrey, and Richmond Kensington, though the latter result is disputed.

CRICKET.—Chiefly owing to the fine batting of Mr. W. W. Read, who scored 119 and 53 (not out), Mr. Vernon's Eleven beat New South Wales by eight wickets. The match between Shaw and Shrewsbury's team and Eighteen of Newcastle was drawn in the Englishmen's favour. Bonnor will assist this year's Australian team, but Scott will be unable to do so—Barlow, like Bates, has injured one of his eyes. He hopes, however, to be well by the beginning of the season.—A link with the past is removed by the death (on Monday) of Mr. William de Chair Baker, founder of the Canterbury Week, and a contemporary of such heroes as Alfred Myatt, Fuller Pilch, and George Wenman.

BILLIARDS.—Both Peall and Mitchell have accepted Roberts' challenge, and are matched to play him 12,000 up, the Champion to play spot-barred, and his opponent not being allowed to make more than 100 spots in a break. Roberts defeated Peall with the most ridiculous ease in each of the three matches played last week, but the table was too high for the little Brixtonian to show his proper form. This week the Champion is playing Mitchell, and North is endeavouring to give his protégé, M'Neill, 1,000 in 9,000, spot-barred. North is also matched to give Peall 1,000 in 10,000, spot-barred—a task which he will find pretty difficult.

ROWING.—The Dark Blue Eight went into strict training on Thursday last week. The "torpids" at Oxford were completed on Wednesday last. Brasenose easily kept their place at the head of the river, while Christ Church obtained the second position. The best performance in the First Division was that of Hertford, who made five bumps, while in the Second Division Merton did a wonderful feat, scoring seven bumps in the six "nights."

COURSIING.—The Waterloo Meeting at Altcar, which should have begun on Wednesday, had to be postponed in consequence of the frost.



THE SNOWSTORM with which the present week began appears to have been very general, though in the vicinity of London it was lighter than in the provinces. Lancashire suffered from a very violent wind, which made the cold much worse than in districts where there was no fall. The fall in Derbyshire during Saturday and Sunday amounted to eighteen inches, and drifts of as many feet in depth occurred in parts. In Wales, the snow fell incessantly on Sunday, and the amount deposited in the twenty-four hours was not less than a foot. So much for the North and West. In East Kent nearly a foot of snow fell on Sunday, but in West Kent the measurement was only five inches. That Scotland was at the same time severely visited is by no means surprising, but it is remarkable that neither Ireland nor the Channel Islands, where usually very little snow falls, escaped.

SIR JOHN LAWES, the "Grand Old Man" of the agricultural world, is as indefatigable over farming matters as the Hawarden woodcutter is over political affairs. Sir John has just published a set of eighty-four tables which he has prepared to assist farmers in estimating the carcass weights and the values of cattle sold by live weight. The tables for store cattle give the value of the beast weighing from 40 to 90 Imperial stones, at prices beginning at 2s., and advancing by 2d. up to 4s. per stone. Only these tables are required for store cattle, whereas eighty-one are given for fat cattle, for which more elaborate calculations are necessary. The carcass weights in stones of 14 lbs. and 8 lbs. are given for beasts weighing alive from 50 st. to 130 st. of 14 lbs. at percentages of dead to live weight, according to condition, ranging from 50 to 65, and at prices ranging from 2s. 8d. to 5s. 4d. per 8 lbs., and from 4s. 8d. to 9s. 4d. per 14 lbs. Sir John Lawes deserves the hearty thanks of all British agriculturists for his persevering labours in the cause of their convenience, enlightenment, and help.

THE PRICE OF CORN.—The winter is now drawing to a close, though, as is not unusual in these islands, it does not look like going without a severe parting "nip." Still, the calendar has now brought us within a very easily measurable distance of the first spring month, and so the chances of corn rising in price may be regarded as much diminished from what they were on New Year's Day. At that date, with only 1,250,000 qrs. of wheat and flour on passage, against 2,250,000 qrs. a twelvemonth previously, prices were generally expected to rise, but no such event took place, and the price now quoted for English wheat, 30s. 1d., is lower than at the end of 1887. Farmers have sold freely, and depressed their own market, and now, with Australia shipping good quantities, and the new Indian crop coming on, their chances are rapidly slipping by. Russia, too, is likely to ship largely in the spring. The price of barley keeps at a thirty-shilling level, thanks to the high average quality of the samples coming to market. Oats at 15s. 9d. are lower than they have been for a great number of years, and beans and peas are also very cheap. For Indian corn 25s. is asked, this being about an average price.

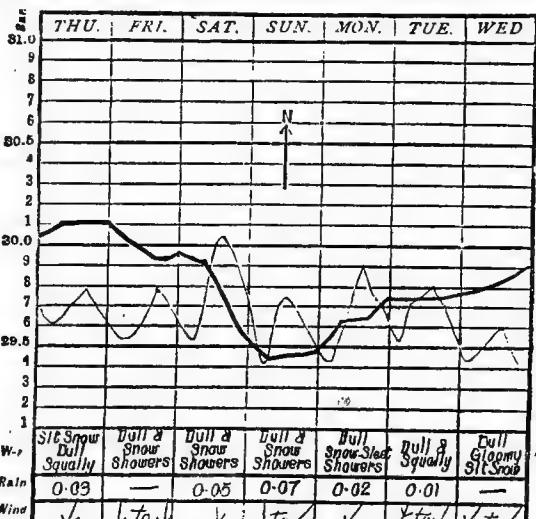
HARES.—Colonel Dawnay, as we are glad to hear, intends to press his Bill for the protection of hares. The hare, he says, is not a prolific breeder like the rabbit, and, according to a well-known authority upon the subject, seldom produces more than three leverets at a time. "I have myself seen doe hares exposed for sale in the shops of provincial poulters in the spring time, big with young, and showing every sign of milk secretion. They are, of course, utterly unfit for food, and their leverets are no larger than rats. This I regard as a wanton waste of valuable food. The hare when in season averages between five and nine pounds in weight, the does being usually the heavier. The average length of the animal's life is six or seven years. I admit that the close time proposed, between 12th March and 12th August, is a somewhat prolonged period, and that it covers the period when hares and rabbits may be said to cause damage to standing crops. Rabbits, however, are regarded as vermin, and if we protect game birds by the institu-

tion of a close time, there is no reason why that protection should not be extended to the hare during its breeding time." The killing of the doe hare, moreover, involves the starvation of the leverets. That hares are diminishing generally is now admitted on all sides.

THE MARTEN, or brown tree-weasel, has now become very rare, and a well-known writer recently inferred that except in Sutherlandshire it had died out since about 1882. This view, however, is contradicted by two or three naturalists, who have come forward with news of comparatively recent captures in the Lake District, and in Wales. From Lincolnshire we now hear that not only the marten but also the still rarer wild cat is extant in the Lindsay district, and also in the north. The marten, too, we believe, has recently been seen in Cranbourne Chase. Gamekeepers are the greatest enemies of animals *ferae naturae*, and the only hope of rare wild creatures being preserved is for landowners to discourage, and even punish, any proved instances of their slaughter. In the present hard times for the landed gentry, indeed, it is almost to be wished that many landowners would do their own gamekeeping, or let us say that the connections of big landed families might be persuaded to accept such work, thereby raising the level of intelligence in a matter where it is sorely needed. The common gamekeeper lives all his life in communion with nature, and he does not "commune." He never knew a dragon-fly sting a horse, yet he calls it a "horse-stinger," and firmly believes in its powers of evil. The harmless newt or eft he puts his foot on as a poisonous reptile, and the same with the blind worm and the lizard. He thinks the hedgehog ought to be exterminated "because it sucks the cows!" And in his opinion there is not a creature, from an eagle to a dormouse, which does not entertain predacious objects with respect to pheasants' eggs.

RARE BIRDS IN DEVONSHIRE.—A correspondent writing from Kingsbridge, near Dartmouth, says:—"We have had a larger number of ducks this winter than usual. Two female gadwalls have been obtained, and seven shovellers frequented Torcross Lea unmolested, on the off chance of their remaining. A male tufted duck in full nuptial dress was sent to me by the owner of this water on the 6th February. I have often had occasion to notice how very early the sea ducks, in common with guillemots, assume the summer dress. On the 7th February, Mr. Walter Toll shot three bean geese on the upper waters of Slapton Lea; and since then another example has been sent in. No instance of this species had previously occurred in this neighbourhood for twenty years. Numbers of the little grebe have frequented the mouth of the Avon, some of which have entered the fresh water; and a red-necked grebe has recently been obtained. Two parrot crossbills are stated to have been obtained near Exmouth, and single examples of the lesser spotted woodpecker and hawfinch have also been shot."

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (22nd inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week was locally fine, although decidedly cold generally. Snow showers were very frequent, and hail fell occasionally, while after the middle of the period North-East gales were felt in most parts of the country. Pressure during the first part of the time was highest over our Islands, and lowest over Germany, with a predominance of Northerly winds generally, and fine, cold weather, interspersed with showers in many places. Severe frost was experienced in the North at the very opening of the week. After Saturday (18th inst.) the highest pressure was found over the Northern part of our Islands and Scandinavia, while the lowest still appeared over Germany and France. The gradients during the time were decidedly steeper, and the searching North-East wind which prevailed freshened to the strength of a gale in the West, and eventually spread over nearly the whole country. The sky was mostly dull, and while showers of snow continued to be very prevalent, the falls in some parts of the South-West of England were certainly heavy. Temperature still remained low in all places, although the frosts, which occurred pretty generally, were but slight. At the close of the week there were no indications of any immediate change in the weather. Taken as a whole, temperature was many degrees below the normal generally. The lowest of the minima which occurred at the beginning of the week ranged from 1° in the North to 4° in the East of Scotland, from 8° to 15° in the North of Ireland, and to 13° in the North-West of England, while the highest of the daily maxima ranged from 45° to 49° in the South-West of Ireland. On most days, however, maxima were below 40° at the majority of our stations.

The barometer was highest (30.12 inches) on Thursday (16th inst.); lowest (29.46 inches) on Sunday (19th inst.); range 0.66 inch.

The temperature was highest (41°) on Saturday (18th inst.); lowest (29°) on Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday (19th, 20th, and 22nd inst.); range 12°.

Rain fell on five days. Total fall 0.18 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.07 on Sunday (19th inst.).

AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE an Exhibition has been opened of Photographic Appliances and Prints. This is an excellent show of the latest novelties in cameras, in camera-stands, in instantaneous shutters and other apparatus, which will prove of much interest both to amateur and to professional photographers. All the apparatus is very well displayed, and in this respect the Sydenham show has one great advantage over the Pall Mall Exhibition in that there is plenty of room to exhibit everything to advantage, while competent persons are in attendance to explain to the inquiring visitor the meaning and virtues of the various appliances. Amongst these we may especially mention the new plate-listers, by which a negative may be developed without staining the fingers or injuring the film, the microphotographic instruments by which an enlarged image of an ordinary microscopic slide can be easily taken, numerous "detective" cameras, which seem to be superseding the more cumbersome apparatus, and some admirable developing sinks, which, in a small space, seem to supply everything that the most faddy photographers can possibly need. Of the collection of prints shown there is little to be said. They are all of a high standard of merit, but we fancy we have seen many of them before, and with the exception of one particularly good frame of platino types—a mode of printing growing more and more into public favour—there is little that calls for detailed notice. It is a great pity, however, that the organisers of the exhibition did not provide a section for displaying the mode of working some of the methods of photo-mechanical printing, a matter of great interest to Art circles just now. A valuable opportunity has thus been lost.



JUDGMENT WAS GIVEN on Wednesday by Mr. Baron Huddleston in the action brought by the Marquis of Abergavenny to compel the Bishop of Llandaff to institute the Rev. Mr. Gosse to a Monmouthshire Rectory. The Bishop's refusal was grounded on Mr. Gosse's ignorance of the Welsh language. The judge thought that this was a matter for the discretion of the Bishop, for whom he gave judgment with costs.

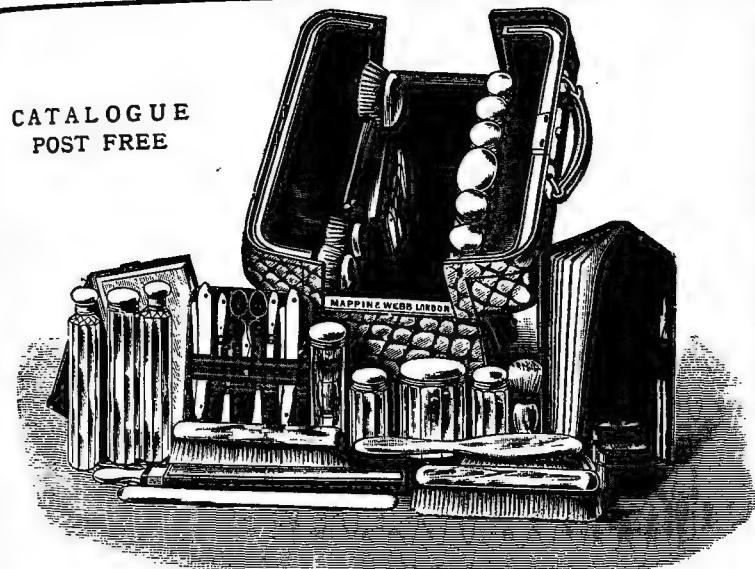
MESSRS. PORTAL are the owners of the mills at Layerstock in Hampshire, in which is made the paper used for Bank of England Notes and for Postal Orders, and for obvious public reasons it is most desirable that the processes adopted in such a manufacture should be kept secret. They employed in 1885-6 a machine-man named Hine to whom, on entering their service, the rules of the establishment were read, one of them being that no person in their employment should verbally or in writing divulge anything connected with the operations carried on in their mills. During the time of being so employed Hine kept a sort of diary, in which he recorded many details respecting the manufacture of the paper and the management of the mills, and after leaving his employment he offered the contents of the diary for sale to the editor of a periodical organ of the paper-trade. The editor very properly communicated this offer to Messrs. Portal, who declined to consent to the publication of Hine's disclosures, and who ultimately applied for an injunction to restrain Hine from divulging the contents of his diary. Hine in person appeared to oppose the application for the injunction, setting forth, among other allegations, that he had never entered into any bond not to reveal the knowledge which he had acquired at the mills. Mr. Justice Stirling, however, granted an injunction, couched in very stringent terms, and ordered Hine's diary and drawings to be placed in the custody of the Court.

A DEBENTURE AND STOCK HOLDER in a Railway Company was refused by its directors permission to inspect its registers and to take copies of the names, addresses, and holdings of the other stockholders. He asked Mr. Justice Chitty for an interim injunction, the effect of which would be to compel the directors to grant him the permission which they had refused. The Company opposed the application, partly on the ground that the plaintiff was not acting as a *bona fide* stockholder, but in the interests of another Railway Company,

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As the expedition of four took their way to the house, Sir Richard laid his hand upon the shoulder of his younger son. "Come along, Charles, and have a cigar."

THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XV.

DR. WOOD HAS HIS ANSWER

WHEN tea was over the tennis was not immediately resumed ; Charles drew out his pipe, in imitation of his father (at least as far as the tobacco was concerned, for Sir Richard was one of those men who are never seen with a pipe and rarely without a cigar), and bade Mr. Wood, who showed symptoms of shyness, to take heart of grace and do the like. The young doctor, however, who was not without discretion, declined the offer ; he lay leaning on his elbow at Clara's feet, while his young friend occupied a similar position as regarded Lucy. The ladies disposed of themselves, if with less of comfort with more of grace, and Sir Richard leant against a tree. It was a very picturesque *tableau*, and so far as conversation was concerned by no means wanting in animation. Charley rattled on after his manner ; Mr. Wood (for his title of Doctor was conferred upon him by a public not conversant with the niceties of professional distinctions), told amusing stories, at the invitation of Lady Trevor, of his professional experiences in Mirbridge, better worth her attention than he dreamt of ; and there was a good deal of pleasant laughter among the young people. In the midst of it the stately butler appeared on the terrace : he stood for a moment hesitating to trust himself to the steep incline of turf that led down to the tennis court, and it was a long way round by the steps.

"I hope nothing is the matter," murmured Lady Trevor, in a low voice. To be in expectation, without reason, of a blow from some quarter of which she could not guess had become one of the conditions under which she lived.

"You may be sure of that, or Cadman would look much more pleased," said Sir Richard cynically.

"Somebody has sent for the Doctor," observed Charley ; "Wood has arranged it so, by way of advertisement, I'll bet a shilling."

Still the butler hesitated.

"Why the devil don't you speak?" cried Sir Richard, impatiently.

It is easy enough for a butler to speak to his master and mistress, but not so easy, if he has a well regulated mind, to shout at them ; and this it was now necessary for Mr. Cadman to do. In a high pitched tone there seems always something significant of an equality with the person addressed. Thus adjured, however, Mr. Cadman made an inverted hollow of his hands like a ship's trumpet, and bellowed a soft something which was unintelligible to all ears save those of his mistress.

"Hugh is come," she explained in a tone that was difficult to define ; the fact was that she was pleased upon her own account, but conscious that her son's appearance was *mal à propos*.

"What an annoying thing it is," observed Sir Richard, "that

your habitual dawdler—the man that never keeps his appointments by any chance—when he does come always comes before his time. No, Nannie," he added imperiously, as his wife rose from her seat, "I will not have you break up our little party. Let Hugh come down to us, if he wants to see us."

"Tell Mr. Hugh that we are having tea on the tennis-ground, Cadman," said Lady Trevor ; her clear, keen tones required no mechanical help to make themselves heard.

"Yes, my lady," returned the butler, hastily withdrawing himself, and as well pleased to get this out-of-door duty over as a sentry relieved. Then there was silence among the little party, and a feeling of expectation mixed with discomfort, such as prevails in a company which has dined together when a couple of guests are announced who have been asked to come in the evening.

Presently the young men appeared upon the terrace. The one was tall and slim, with a complexion dark to swarthiness, and that air of looking older than his years which so often results from dissipation. His face, already furrowed here and there by the plough of passion, was, however, by no means that of a mere libertine ; it had self-will and even power in it. With indifference, which considering that his family were awaiting him, seemed studied and intentional, he walked very slowly, and stopped now and again to point out, as it seemed, objects of interest to his companion. This latter gentleman presented a strong contrast to him ; he was short and fair, and wore a little blonde moustache, which his fingers played with nervously. He was much better-looking than his young friend and host, and more intellectual in expression, but on the other hand obviously ill at ease, as one doubtful of his welcome.

When they came opposite the tennis-ground they both raised their hats, and Mr. Gurdon made a movement as though he were about to descend the slope, but Hugh caught him by the arm, and compelled him to go further on and make use of the stone steps. Slight as it was, the action was significant ; it seemed to say, "Do not let these good folk imagine we are in such haste to join them, or inclined to put ourselves to inconvenience on their account." As they came down the steps, from which the whole party below could be distinctly seen, Hugh made some observation to his companion, which made him look more uncomfortable and embarrassed than before.

Lady Trevor came forward quickly, and embraced her son, who at once introduced her to his friend, whom she welcomed cordially ; Sir Richard, too, took his hand, with a few words of hearty welcome, and then offered Hugh three fingers. As for the brothers, they merely nodded to one another, the elder surly, the younger with careless indifference.

Poor Mr. Wood was not introduced at all ; a circumstance, how-

ever, which, considering the sort of salutations which were being employed, could hardly have been a matter of regret to him. It almost seemed, but for the presence of the two young ladies—who met, of course, with the most polite reception from the new-comers—that there might have been a domestic outbreak. A sense of something of the kind made Lucy exceedingly uncomfortable, but Clara, perfectly at her ease, not only took in the whole situation at a glance, but rather enjoyed it. She had a shrewd suspicion that whatever was likely to come to her in the way of good would not be the garnered autumn sheaf but the spoils of battle.

"If I had known there was such a magnificent creature as that in Mirbridge," whispered Hugh to his friend, waving his hand towards the house as if he were calling attention to its architecture, "by gad, I would have come down here a week ago, like a shot."

"What a charming house you have, Lady Trevor," observed Mr. Gurdon, turning upon his heel with an abruptness that marked some displeasure. "It must have taken centuries to perfect its beauties."

"I am unfortunately the last person qualified to discourse upon them," she observed, smiling, "being almost as much a new-comer as yourself. Miss Thorne here," indicating Clara with a graceful movement of the hand, "would make a much better *cicerone*."

"I have had the benefit of Mrs. Grange's lectures upon the historical architecture of the Court once or twice," said Clara, "but I daresay Mr. Gurdon's educated eye knows more about it than I can tell him. Of course Queen Elizabeth slept here as in every other country mansion of importance ; Oliver Cromwell is answerable for various dilapidations, which have long since enhanced its beauties ; and Charles II. was once sheltered—for one can hardly say accommodated—in the Priest's Chamber."

Mr. Gurdon laughed aloud at this *résumé*, and ere he could reply Hugh put in his word.

"If Miss Thorne would condescend to show us over the Court, Gurdon, you and I would pay her the same fee, as if she was the housekeeper, and perhaps a trifle over, would we not ?"

"I'm a poor man," said the artist, with humorous caution, "and don't know what the fee may be."

"Moreover I cannot permit Mrs. Grange to be deprived of her righful vails," remarked Lady Trevor. Though she spoke in jest, she felt no little annoyance at her son's proposal, which showed clearly enough that Clara's marvellous beauty had already attracted him.

"Oh, I'll make it all right with the housekeeper," exclaimed Hugh, impatiently. "She shall have a guinea, and welcome."

Mr. Gurdon saw the look of displeasure in his hostess's face. "A fee of that kind, my dear fellow," he said, "is in my case practically prohibitive ; I prefer to buy a catalogue, and go over the whole Exhibition by myself."

"Oh, do you? Then you and I will go over it by ourselves, will we not, Miss Thorne?"

"Certainly not," said Clara, with cold distinctness, "I would not take such a responsibility upon myself, for the world. I might mistake Cromwell's Room for that of Charles I., and go utterly astray in your own genealogy in the Picture Gallery."

"Is there a Picture Gallery?" inquired Mr. Gurdon, pricking up his professional ears. "You never told me a word of that, Hugh."

Sir Richard smiled grimly, and flicked the ash away from his cigar. What the smile meant, his wife well understood.

Hugh possessed the virtue of not interfering in his friends' affairs, rather in excess; that is, he took no sort of interest in their likes or dislikes whatever.

"Then we are not to go over the house at all this afternoon?" he inquired sullenly, of his mother. When he did not have his way, he resented it in her case, notwithstanding her devotion to him, quite as much as in that of another, and she could not bear to see him disappointed.

"I have no objection I am sure, my dear, if Miss Thorne has not."

"If you care to make one of the party, Lady Trevor, I shall be very pleased to make another," murmured Clara.

"Then let us all four go together," said Hugh, with the air of one who has sacrificed his wishes for those of others. "Come along."

"I suppose all lawn-tennis, Wood, is over for to-day," muttered Charles. "Just as we were game-and-game, too."

"I am afraid so," sighed the young doctor. It was much harder on him, he thought to himself, than it was on Charles, who could play tennis with the Rector's daughters at any time.

"It's all owing to that infernal English system of primogeniture," continued Charles; "the eldest son always gets his own way."

"No doubt," responded the other gloomily. His sympathy, which was quite genuine, was the more valuable, since Mr. Wood himself happened to be an elder son, without, however, having derived much benefit from the circumstance. It is no use being the eldest of six—or even a son and heir—if your father has nothing to leave you.

As the expedition of four took their way to the house, Sir Richard laid his hand upon the shoulder of his younger son.

"Come along Charles and have a cigar," he said kindly; "I want a few words with you."

This left Mr. Wood and Lucy alone together, by no means to that young lady's satisfaction. She did not believe that Mr. Wood had any serious intentions with regard to her, but, ever since Clara had put the idea into her head, she felt a certain embarrassment in his proximity. His little quips and quirks rather amused her; and she respected him as an honest and hard-working young fellow, but she did not at all like the grave expression which his handsome face had suddenly assumed.

"While Sir Richard speaks to his son, perhaps you would be so good as to let me say a very few words to you, Miss Lucy," he murmured softly.

"To me? By all means," she answered with a little nervous laugh. It struck her that his voice had a professional tone, such as he used when warning his more delicate patients against an imprudence, and this humorous idea sustained her under what she felt were very trying circumstances.

"You have been always very good and kind to me, Miss Lucy, very," he began.

She did not like this exordium at all, and said "Really!" in a tone of indifference that expressed her dissatisfaction with it.

"Pray forgive me; I daresay you did not know it yourself, because it is your nature to be kind to every one; but so it has been indeed. On the present occasion all that I have to ask of you is a little patience."

She bowed her head assentingly. She could not refuse to hear him, but very much wished that his mode of expression had been less tortuous. If he had thrown himself on his knees—for they were now quite alone—and had done with it, it would have been on the whole a relief to her. She could then have given him his answer at once, and he must have got up again and gone away. Still she was not cruel. No woman, deserving of the name, can help feeling a little tenderness—though it be a pity that is not akin to love—to an honest man who is offering his all to her: and her face showed it.

"Thank you," he said, humbly, "I was sure you would grant me that much; and now I only ask one thing more, that, however you may disapprove of what I am about to say, you will not be angry with me."

"You may take that for granted, Mr. Wood, I think; I cannot imagine you saying anything that would give me just cause for anger."

"That is so like you. That is Miss Lucy all over,' as the poor people say in the village, when they speak of some good you have been doing. I am but a poor man myself, Miss Lucy. Well born, indeed, and I hope not ill bred, but not endowed with any gifts of fortune. I need hardly speak of my possessions, indeed, they are so insignificant; but my income, though small, is an increasing one, and I may say so without vanity, I am getting to be known in my own profession."

"I have always heard you spoken of very highly," said Lucy, filling up an awkward pause.

"Still, praise is not pudding (if I may use so vulgar an expression, Miss Lucy), and I am well aware that it would be the height of imprudence—indeed, a mere impertinence—to mention to any one except yourself, who are so kind and patient, the ambition that consumes me. From the first moment that your dear mother did me the honour of calling me in to the Rectory—I forgot under what circumstances; I think the housemaid had a whitlow—my thoughts have never strayed from her since."

"From the housemaid?"

"Good heavens, do not mock me, Miss Lucy—from your adorable sister."

The relief to Lucy was intense; but she could not utter one word. She felt herself on the very verge of hysterics. For the moment all her pity for the poor man, notwithstanding his passionate, pleading face, and earnest tone, was lost in the excessive humour of the situation. No spark of jealousy interfered with it, albeit she at once understood that all the young doctor's marked attentions to her had been paid, as it were, by proxy, to her sister. The idea of what Clara would think of it when she came to tell her—if she should ever dare to do it—filled her mind with inextinguishable mirth.

"You know what your dear sister is," continued the young fellow, plaintively, "as beautiful as Venus, but haughty as Minerva; I dared not, for the life of me, approach her, as it were, directly; but I hoped, through your gracious intercession, in time—though it were after long years—to get her to listen to me. But something has happened to-day—I daresay you did not observe it—that made me speak to you on this matter in spite of myself. Weeks ago, when the Court was being put in order for the reception of Sir Richard and his family, I ventured to ask your sister to let me show her over the picture-gallery, the contents of which I had got up for her especial edification; her reply was—I remember the very words, and the cutting tone with which they were accompanied—"Certainly not, sir!" Yet no sooner does Mr. Hugh Trevor make his appearance and ask her to do the very same thing, than she consents at once."

"But, surely, Mr. Wood, it is a very different thing to comply with Mr. Hugh's request, who is a son of the house."

"Oh, pardon me, Miss Lucy," he broke in, "but you must understand that I know your sister as well as you do; her character has been my study for years. If Mr. Hugh had been ten Mr. Hughes, or even Sir Richard himself, and she had had no desire to accept such an invitation, she would have declined it point blank."

Lucy was obliged to confess to herself that there were grave grounds for this conclusion.

"That is as it may be, Mr. Wood, but I fail even now to see in what I can oblige you."

"Simply to find out for me, at once, the worst that I already guess. No, I don't mean that. Of course, I have some hope—just a little scrap; now and then Miss Clara has been almost kind to me. Oh, Miss Lucy, if you knew how I loved her!"

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. Wood," said Lucy. There was genuine compassion in her tone, but it was very firm.

"You think it would do more harm than good to speak for me?"

"It would do neither harm nor good, so far as the result was concerned; there is not the slightest chance."

"Not now, of course," he put in desperately; "but in course of time, perhaps—if she finds no better man, or is disappointed in him she finds, I could wait and keep silence. Do think, Miss Lucy, how I must love her since I thus humiliate myself before you." His face was pale with passion and distorted by despair; his supple, skilful fingers were twisting themselves in and out in a sort of nervous frenzy; the perspiration stood upon his brow. It was a case, as Lucy thought, which required, in the patient's own professional language, "the promptest treatment," nay even "the actual cautery," though she pitied him from the bottom of her heart.

"You have not only not the slightest, but not the remotest chance with Clara, Mr. Wood," she answered. "I am cruel to say so, you may think, but I should be much more cruel to deceive you with false hopes. If you insist upon my speaking to my sister I will do so; but if you have any regard for her friendship, I warn you, it will deprive you of it."

"Then do not speak," he murmured hoarsely. "I ask your pardon for speaking to you. Let everything be as it was before; or indeed as it is," he added bitterly; "for I knew it would be so from the first. Good bye, good bye, Miss Lucy," and the poor doctor sprang up the steps, and sped by a back way to the stables, where his hard-worked horse was passing one happy hour in unaccustomed clover.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DUTIFUL SON

THE moral duty supposed to be incumbent on parents to love all their children equally is one comparatively easy to fulfil whilst their offspring are very young, but which every year renders more difficult. As the character of each develops there arises more or less of antagonism to the views and opinions, or to the wants and wishes of the heads of the house: and even if no misconduct is actually committed, such as might seriously affect the scale, it is rare indeed if some sort of prejudice is not created. One excellent mother contesting this theory once observed, "For my part, if my house was on fire I should not know which of my six children to save first;" an argument, however, which scarcely meets the case, since the very sense of preference in a catastrophe so extreme might induce the very contrary course to that which nature suggested. As a general rule, I think there is, and must be, some sort of preference, even in what Mr. Jingle called "the best regulated families," and that unless injudiciously manifested it is acquiesced in patiently enough. It is probable that the cause is recognised, and even possible that the justice of it is acknowledged, and moreover, it is by no means uncommon that in course of time (for the force of circumstances can hardly be overrated), the first favourite falls into the second rank, or even lower, and he who seemed to be "an outsider" takes his place. It is noteworthy indeed that in spite of our acquiescence in the law of duty in this matter, there is a tacit acknowledgment of its frequent failure; "the father," it is proverbially said, "sticks to his girls, the mother to her boys;"

"the youngest is always the dearest," &c., &c. But there are many unhappy cases, arising generally from the conduct of our children themselves, but very often from our own, where there is not even the outward semblance of an equal love. Such was the case with the Trevors and their offspring. Hugh was his mother's idol; while Charles, though by no means an object of worship with his father, was something more than his favourite son. Sir Richard's capacities for affection were not nearly so great as those of his wife: but she had nothing to complain of in his love for herself; it was unstinted and unshared, which her's was not, for he had a rival, and a successful one, in his own son.

From the very first Lady Trevor had regarded her elder child with the affection a mother ever extends to the more delicate and fragile of her offspring; his weakness it is true was not of the physical sort, but it was never absent from her eyes. She had no fear that he would not be reared, but that he would not succeed to the honours and estate of his father. After the birth of his younger brother, her apprehensions on this account were redoubled, and it is not too much to say that she regretted that she had borne him. She foresaw not only an increased danger to which Hugh's future was thereby exposed, but the moral difficulties it opened up, which did not till long afterwards arouse her husband's attention.

Sir Richard, though capable enough of action on occasion, was at heart averse to worry and trouble of all kinds; if his wife's devotion to Hugh, or her indifference to Charles, had been less demonstrative, he would not perhaps have so much concerned himself with the wrong that was eventually to be done the latter, by the concealment of his brother's illegitimacy. But as time went on, and the difference of treatment which the two boys received at their mother's hands became more marked, Sir Richard's scruples were aroused from their slumber. He thought it very hard that Charley should not only be deprived of his rights in the future, but have a bad time of it, through Hugh, even in the present. He did not understand that the behaviour of Lady Trevor in this matter arose as much from her doubt of Hugh's eventual succession to his father's place, as from her preference for him over his brother.

It was always possible that her secret would be discovered, when the Law would, of course, take its course, and her beloved son be disinherited. It was this consideration that had prompted her to remain so long at Minard, where disclosure was almost impossible, and above all not to return to Mirbridge, where it was most likely to happen. She had more upon her soul than the guilt of concealment; for she had broken a promise to the dead. Unknown to her husband, she had promised his mother on her death-bed—the woman who had been so unwisely kind to her, and to whom she owed all she had in the world—that justice should be done. She had died at peace in that belief, but she had been deceived. The promise had been kept to her to the ear indeed—for Hugh's mother, as we have seen, contended that justice, though not legal right, was done in concealing his illegitimacy—but had been broken in the spirit. No reparation of wrong-doing had been made; the poor woman had promised what she was unable to perform; she had said to herself a hundred times with agony and remorse, "I cannot, cannot do it." It was not from the confession of her own shame to the world at large that she shrank, but from the thought that Hugh should know it.

It was a terrible time to her when Sir Richard fell ill, and the idea of returning to his native air first took his fancy; she combated it with all her powers; she was ashamed of her own arts, as she pleaded this and that against his purpose upon the score of his health, whereas his health was not in her mind at all; but the sick

man's yearning was too much for her. The associations of home-combined with his sense of physical decay, had turned his mind, as she had feared it would do, into that channel which she would have fain closed for ever; it was only with a dead lift, as it were, by appealing to his affection for her, and the wrong he had done her long ago, that she had obtained his promise to be silent on the matter; and though he was a man—with the exception that belongs to a man—to keep his word, his conscience once awakened was not easily calmed. Thus, though he had consented, however unwillingly, that his younger son should suffer wrong, his mind was disquieted about him as it had not been for a quarter of a century about anything; and since reparation was out of his power, he was resolved to do all he could for him in the way of kindness. Even this (so difficult is the way of sinners) was a misfortune, since it accentuated the difference of regard in which he held him with respect to Hugh; and, indeed, the cold reception he had just given to his elder son arose in part, though most irrationally, from his pity for the younger. It was not his habit to interfere with the behaviour of his belongings in any way; an angry oath or two was all that Hugh's extravagances had ever drawn from him, and it had never entered into his mind to inquire into the manner in which either of his offspring spent their time. But now a solicitude arose in him respecting Charley which overcame his natural indolence, and since he could not give him what was his due, he resolved to favour him with what he felt was but poor substitute for it, but still all he had to give, namely—a word of warning.

Fathers have different ways of administering advice to their sons; some are always playing the part of Mr. Barlow to their Sandfords and Mertons; some call them into their study, and, standing with their backs to their fire, deliver a didactic harangue, which the recipient terms a jobation. Some wrap it up in mincing words, like medicine in jam, or even accompany it with a tip—a veritable silvered pill; others, again, serve it up *au naturel*, with a horse-whip. But all agree in this, that during the administration of the paternal advice, the name by which, for love and euphony, their offspring is generally known, is dropped, and their baptismal name is substituted for it; Willy becomes William, Jimmy, James, and Max Maximilian. Even young Trevor, who had had no experience of parental jobations, knew that something serious was about to be said to him in those "few words" when his father prefaced them with "Come along, Charles," instead of Charley.

He obeyed him, however, very cheerfully, though it involved his leaving Lucy *tête-à-tête* with the handsome doctor—circumstance which did not, indeed, give him much apprehension, for he had too good an opinion of himself, as well as too much confidence in the understanding that already existed between him and the young lady, to be jealous.

The governor had always been kind to him, and he was not in the least afraid of him, though perhaps a little deficient (which was not altogether his own fault) in the respect which a son owes his parent. As he lit his cigar, by invitation, at that of Sir Richard, he saw that his father's face wore an expression of unusual gravity, which corroborated his suspicion that something was about to be said to him "for his own good."

"Charles, my boy," began Sir Richard, gently, "you will do me the justice to admit that I have never interfered with my sons' pleasures, nor given them long lectures, nor acted the schoolmaster towards them in any way. If I have not been a good father to them, I have been at least an easy one."

"You have been very kind to me, sir, all my life," returned the young man, falling unconsciously into an unwanted state of reverence, for his feelings were easily moved whether for good or ill, and his heart was a tender one.

"Well, I hope so, for I meant to be kind. On the other hand, I fear I have given you your heads too much, though, as far as I know, you have never taken the bit between your teeth, or kicked over the traces. The time is coming soon, my lad, when you will be your own master, and, I am deeply sorry to say, the master of very little else."

"I daresay I shall get on well enough; don't let that trouble you, father." He was really desirous to save his father pain, and had also a personal dislike to business matters, common to most young fellows of his age, but in his case also inherited. "It does trouble me, however, very much," said Sir Richard, uncomfortably; "you know generally, I suppose, that Mirbridge is entailed upon the elder son, and that your own portion—if it can be called so—will be extremely small. It will be necessary for you to employ the talents you undoubtedly possess—and for which, among other things, my lad, I am so proud of you—in getting your own living."

"Oh, I shall do very well no doubt; I have not expensive tastes you know, father, as—as some young fellows have."

Sir Richard knew that it had been on the tip of his son's tongue to say "as Hugh has," and in his heart he thanked him for the substitution of phrase. He wanted to keep as clear of Hugh just now as possible.

"But, my poor boy, it is not a question of expensive tastes; it is a question of getting a livelihood. This is becoming, I am told more difficult to do at the Bar, as elsewhere, every day. What I want you to do is to look matters well in the face, and if you have a chance in any direction not to throw it away. You are a good-looking and sociable young fellow, and as likely to take a woman's fancy as any man I know: I don't want you to be a fortune hunter, but it is absolutely necessary, if you intend to marry, that you should choose some girl with money of her own. Do you clearly understand that?"

"I understand how nice it would be if the girl I liked could be also an heiress," answered Charley, with an uncomfortable little laugh.

"It is not a laughing matter, Charles; I entreat you to heed what I say upon this matter. Your future prospects are unpropitious enough at present, but if you marry a penniless girl, they will be deplorable indeed. I don't say anything about the ruin of the girl herself, for I am thinking of you and not of her; but if you really love her, you may perhaps think of her a little."

Charley blushed from brow to chin, and looked very grave and disquieted. He made no further effort to laugh matters off: nor did he even dare to ask what young woman was being referred to; but only answered with a sigh: "It is very hard upon a fellow, father." "It is very hard upon you, Charley," was the grave reply. "I pity you, my dear boy, more than I can say (which was very true), nor can I blame you for having succumbed to such unusual charms as I see have captivated you. I was inflammable myself at your age; and I dare say if at three-and-twenty I had seen that girl, I should have thrown all I had at her feet, but then you see I had something to throw. Your mother thinks, indeed, that there is no danger, that the girl looks for a good match, and would throw you over for it to-morrow, but there is no safety for her, not even in her ambition in my opinion, when a woman is once really in love."

And Sir Richard sighed, not without reason. Charley, who had looked the picture of melancholy, began on the other hand to pluck up a little. It was clear to him that it was not his Lucy who was being described, for she had not one grain of ambition in her composition: a violet by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye, and waiting only for his hand, and no other to pluck it: nor was it difficult to guess who had been mistaken for her. For his part, her sister's simpler charms had put Clara's into the background from the first; but he was quite aware that he was in a minority of one upon that point. No man had opened his lips to him in Mirbridge about the Thorneys without raving about Clara's

beauty: his father he knew admired her immensely; and it had been plain that very afternoon how his brother's eyes had been at once attracted to her marvellous beauty.

What men, indeed, thought of Clara Thorne was obvious by the behaviour of Mr. Wood, who paid his attentions to Lucy with the sole object of getting her to say a good word for him in all good faith, and without the least idea that they could be liable to misconstruction. Even though Charles himself was not under the spell of the enchantress, he could understand the power she wielded over others, and it now suddenly struck him that she might be the unconscious means of getting him out of his present difficulty. To give up Lucy was, in fact, a thing impossible to him; to pretend to give her up, and not to do so, was almost equally so, for falsehood was opposed to his nature; and, again, to deny his father the one thing he had ever asked of him in his life, and asked, too, with such kindly pleading and for his own good, was distasteful to him in the highest degree. What, therefore, alone remained for him was to take advantage of Sir Richard's mistake to temporise a little.

Such a course of action, it was true, involved some duplicity, of which he was heartily ashamed; but a popular philosopher has assured us that "we must stop somewhere" in the path of virtue, and this is where Charles Trevor stopped.

"I don't quite understand what it is you want me to do, father," he said after a long pause.

"My dear boy," answered Sir Richard, laying his hand once more upon his shoulder (a sign of affection which this time made him wince), "it is something rather which I wish you *not* to do: do not entangle yourself with a young woman, be she beautiful as a goddess, whom to marry would be to a poor man madness; promise me, upon your word and honour, Charles, that you will give up all pursuit of Clara Thorne."

"But really, although, of course, I admire her very much," hesitated the young fellow, "I never did pursue her."

"Well, well, it may have been my mistake," said Sir Richard good-humouredly; "in which case so much the better." He took his son's embarrassed manner for a tacit admission that his own impression had been correct; but that fortunately he had spoken in time.

Charles, on his part, had made an effort to be frank, which, while it salved his conscience, had cost him nothing.

(To be continued)

SCENES ON THE ROAD IN THE OLD COACHING DAYS

ILLUSTRATED FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

II.

REFERRING to the picture of the "Gloucester Coffee House," Piccadilly (1828), by James Pollard, given in our First Supplement, it should be noted that the mails for the Western counties were brought from the General Post-office in the City to their coaches, which started from the Gloucester Coffee House (this stood on the site of the present St. James's Hotel) in mail-carts, drawn by fast-trotting blood-horses, and the bags were there given over to the guards of the Exeter, Poole, and other Western mails. The Royal mail coaches, although occasionally inferior in speed to some of the famous "High-flyers," enjoyed the first estimation in the mind of passengers, the fares were somewhat higher, and a more liberal tip was expected by the coachman; on the other hand, the outside accommodation was in one respect superior to that of other coaches; the "insides" were less crowded; the complement consisted of seven passengers; four inside and three out; the one who shared the box with the driver had the most comfortable berth; the other two occupied a seat on the roof behind the coachman. One minute was allowed for the change of horses; the fresh team stood in readiness, two horses on either side, the coach was drawn up between them, and the reins were thrown down, four ostlers flew to the splinter-bars, the traces were loosened, the reins of the new team were caught up by the coachman, who did not leave his seat, and, as a rule, in ten seconds under the minute the coach was off again. None but good cattle, in first-rate condition, could do the work. The teams were highly fed; for coach horses it is held that the measure of corn is their stomach; a horse a mile, reckoning one side of the ground, is about the mark; for instance, ten horses may work the coach up and down a ten-mile stage, which gives eight horses at work, and two lying at rest; every horse then rests the fifth day. As an instance of pace, Mr. Trollope mentions that the four miles between Ilchester and Ilminster were performed in twenty minutes despite an accident he witnessed—"a trace broken and mended on the road. The mending was effected by the guard before the coach stopped."

The Telegraphs and Quicksilver Mails of half-a-century ago attained the perfection of coach travelling; on the Great Western road the Quicksilver Mail, commonly known as the Devonport, running to Exeter by a somewhat lengthy route, did the one hundred and seventy-five miles in eighteen hours; the Telegraph, by a more direct route, accomplished the journey in seventeen hours, of course including all stoppages, and the regulation time for breakfast and dinner, of twenty minutes each.

"There were four coachmen who drove the coach every day, the two middle men meeting on the road and changing coaches, and the two starting men driving in the evening coach at night; the fare was 3*l.* 10*s.* inside, and 2*l.* 10*s.* outside, one way."

The Coventry and Birmingham Coach is given from a picture by Pollard, 1828, on the Northern Road, passing the Woodman Tavern at Highgate. The York Highflyer, Leeds Union, York Express, Rockingham, Stamford Regent, and other coaches bound North, started at 6 A.M. from the George and Blue Boar, Holborn, making the best of their way down Holborn Hill, through Smithfield (meeting droves of sheep and cattle), to reach the Peacock, at Islington, where was then to be seen an animated coaching spectacle; all mails pulling up there, the ostler shouting out their names as they arrived on the scene, the teams smoking and steaming, so that the horses were hardly discernible. Off they go, each one passing into the place left vacant by its predecessor, the horses' feet clattering along to the sound of the key-bugles, the respective guards playing their favourite tunes, almost at the same time. In this spirited fashion they passed through Highgate Archway; from this spot, on a favourable morning in summer, the view was delightful, and, says "An Old Stager," "a thing to be remembered all one's life."

Pollard has left a picture of "The Cambridge Telegraph" (1828) starting from the White Horse, Fetter Lane. It was Mr. Roberts, nephew of the proprietor of this hotel, who first planned the principle of placing the driving-box upon springs, and thus effected a reformation in favour of coachmen, who had hitherto been bumped most cruelly on the old coach-box. The White Horse, Fetter Lane, belonged in the "palmy days" to Mr. Chaplin, the largest holder of "yards" half a century back; he had thirteen hundred horses at work, and owned the Spread Eagle and Cross-Keys, Gracechurch Street, and the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane. The Cambridge Telegraph was driven by Richard Vaughan, "scientific in horseflesh, unequalled in driving," the "Dick" of whom much has been written.

In the days when George IV. inhabited the Pavilion, and the tide of fashion turned Brightonwards, the road between that resort and the metropolis, always considered a good one, had improved until it was pronounced "close to perfection," and the journey, which, in the first

decade of the century had occupied the quickest coaches ten hours, was reduced to under six. "The Brighton Road," writes "Nimrod," "may be said to be covered with coaches, no less than twenty-five running upon it in the summer. The fastest is the Vivid, which performs the journey in five hours and a quarter. The Dart, driven by Bob Snow; the Item, by Mellish; the Comet, Magnet, and Regent ranked high in popular patronage, but the Age attained the greatest fame, and when driven and horsed by Mr. Stevenson, and later by Sir St. Vincent Cotton, crowds collected at midday in Castle Square to see it start. Mr. Stevenson was a graduate of Cambridge, but his passion for the *bench* got the better of all other ambitions, and he became a coachman by profession." According to all accounts his reputation as a whip was accepted as second to none.

There exists a picture of the Age, starting from Castle Square, by C. Cooper Henderson, as good as a "dragsman" as he was excellent as an artist. The picture by Sir John Dean Paul, "A Trip to Brighton" (1824), given as one of our illustrations, reproduces the "life on wheels" as displayed on the moving panorama of the Marine Parade; the well-appointed four-in-hand just turning out represents "Transport and Security;" the most noticeable item of the crowd of vehicular curiosities is the "Brighton and London Safety Coach," to which is applied the motto, "In latus omnes patent." This points to the age of "patent coaches," which inaugurated the application of steam as a motive power; in the infancy of steam, carriages were propelled by this power on the ordinary roads, although these inventions never got beyond experimental trips. In 1838 a patent steam carriage was projected by Mr. W. H. James, of Birmingham. "The weight of the carriage and propelling machinery is two tons, and the estimated power is from fifteen to twenty horses; with this power it is calculated that the carriage will travel at the rate of from eight to twelve miles an hour, carrying six inside and twelve outside passengers. To guard against the inconveniences arising from smoke, charcoal and coke will be the only fuel used, and, for the safety of the passengers, the tubular boiler has been proved to ten times the amount of the working pressure." It must have been an undertaking of some boldness on the part of the passengers—the boiler in question was under the seats of the conveyance, and, as was natural, explosions were anticipated. "Viator Junior," writing of "the Brighton Road" in 1828, tells an anecdote of "Safety Coaches":—"I have not given myself the trouble of examining 'Cook's Patent Life Preserver,' which is fitted to Mr. Gray's Bolt-in-Tun coach, the Patriot; but I will relate an incident of which I was a witness a few days ago. Just as Pickett was starting with his Union coach out of Holborn, up comes a fussy old citizen: 'Pray, coachman, is this the Patriotic Life Preserver Safety Coach?' 'Yes, sir,' says Pickett, not hearing above half of his passenger's question. 'Room behind, sir; jump up, if you please, very late this morning.' 'Why, where's the machinery?' cries the old one. 'There, sir,' replied a passenger, pointing to a heavy trunk of mine that was swinging underneath. 'In that box, sir, that's where the machinery works.' 'Ah,' quoth the old man, climbing up quite satisfied, 'wonderful inventions, now-a-days, sir; we shall all get safe to Brighton; no chance of an accident by this coach!'"

The Brighton road has been favoured in its choice of aristocratic coachmen. Besides those mentioned, the Hon. Fred. Jerningham, a son of Lord Stafford, drove the Brighton day mail, and the Marquis of Worcester, father of the present Duke of Beaufort, drove the Beaufort; of this stage-coach, starting from the West-end Bull and Mouth coach office, Piccadilly Circus, the artist W. J. Shayer, has left a spirited picture, which was published in the form of an engraving some fifty years back. In 1841 The Age was advertised to run the journey in five hours, and the Beaufort in four-and-a-half hours. "No fees," says Captain Malet, "were solicited on these coaches, yet all of them pocketed their 'tips' with as much readiness and relish as would the poorest 'knight of the whip.'

Enjoyable as were the experiences of travelling by coach in fine weather, and under favourable conditions and seasons, the hardships of the road, the sufferings and dangers, encountered by the passengers in inclement weather, sound almost incredible in these days of comparative ease and security. Conspicuous amongst the risks of travel was that of being lost in a heavy snowstorm in an open country, where the snow had been drifted into the cuttings and hollows through which the great roads ran. In December, 1836, when a phenomenal snowstorm occurred, the Brighton up-mail of Sunday had travelled about eight miles from that town, when it fell into a deep drift of snow, from which it was impossible to extricate it without further assistance. The guard immediately set off to obtain all necessary aid, but when he returned no trace whatever could be found either of the coach, coachman, or passengers. After much difficulty the coach was found, but could not be extricated from the hollow into which it had got. The guard, according to the Post-office regulations, was bound to take on his mail-bags on horseback; he only reached town Tuesday night. In February, 1799, a severe snowstorm occurred, with the result that, three months later, the Post-office is found advertising (27th April) for "several patent mail-coaches still missing, that were obstructed in the snow since 1st February." The guards under these trying circumstances were bound to carry on their mail-bags at all risks, and showed great personal devotion to the service. In February, 1831, between Dumfries and Edinburgh, the coach was obstructed by snow, and it was found impossible to proceed; the guard and coachman continued their journey on foot, having in view to reach a roadside inn at Tweedshaws, some two or three miles farther on. "The exact particulars of what thereafter happened will never be known beyond this, that the mailbags were afterwards found tied to one of the road-posts set up in like situations to mark the line of road on occasions of snowstorms, and that the two men perished in the drift; their bodies were found five days afterward within a hundred yards of the place where they left the bags, and where, at the cost of their lives, they had rendered their last service to the Post-office and their country." James Pollard, amongst the incidents of coaching life which his pencil has left, has executed a series of pictures delineating the episodes of the great snowstorm of 1836. We have selected two of these subjects, which are reproduced in *fac simile*: "The Birmingham Mail fast in the snow, with little chance of a speedy release, the guard proceeding to London with the letter-bags," and "The Louth Mail stopt in the snow, assistance in prospect, but not the time to hesitate, the letter-bags sent forward with the guard in a postchaise and four." The Birmingham Mail broke down beyond Aylesbury; "in these circumstances, Price, the mail guard, mounted one of the horses, tied his mail-bags on the back of another, and set out for London. He was joined farther on by two postboys on other horses with the bye-bags, and all three journeyed in company. The road-marks being frequently effaced, they were constantly deviating from their proper course, clearing gates, hedges, and ditches; but having a general knowledge of the lay of the country, and Price being possessed of good nerves, they succeeded in reaching the metropolis; the men were in a distressing state of exhaustion."

The name of "Regulator" was a favourite one for coaches; as Aupperley relates of the Edinburgh mail, which covered its four hundred miles with such accuracy as to time, that the people along the road regulated their watches by the punctuality of the mail. H. Heath, the caricaturist, has left a lively version of the opposition Windsor coaches (1827), which is reproduced in *fac simile*. The original title was "The Wits of Windsor, a Miltonian pun," it illustrates the exchange of pleasantries between rival coachmen; the Coronet is passing Moody's coach, then driven from Windsor

to London, as Lord William Lennox relates, by "Young Moody, as he was called in contradistinction to his father, the proprietor," "I'm the Regulator, Mat!" says Moody to the opposition whip, who is leaving him in the rear, to which the driver of Milton's Coronet is retorting, "Yes, we know it, Jack, for we all go by you!"

H. Alken, as well as being the first artist in depicting everything concerning Sport, excelled in delineations of coaching. We have selected an example of his art, "The Comforts of Being Driven Like a Gentleman;" such a "turn out" well illustrates the palmy days, as displayed amongst the thousands of well-appointed carriages which the loungers in the Park would espouse passing before him "in all the pomp of aristocratic pride, in which the very horses themselves appear to partake. Everything he sees is peculiar: the silent roll and easy motion of the London-built carriages—the style of the coachmen—it is hard to determine which shine brightest, the lace on their clothes, their own round faces, or their flaxen wigs—the pipe-clayed reins—pipe-clayed lest they should soil the clean white gloves; not forgetting the spotted coach-dog, which has just been washed for the occasion." The reverse of this is "Consequences of Being Driven by a Gent;" Alken evidently preferred professional whips to amateurs, in the latter instance, coach and passengers are coming to grief, while an undergraduate has lost his "ribbons," and the team is bolting headlong with break-neck speed. "The result of young men fancying themselves coachmen has too often been the capsizing and damaging of their elders;" writes an "Old Traveller," in 1822, "A friend of mine coming up to town a short time since by one of these galloping coaches, was upset and much injured. On going to sympathise with him on his misfortune, he informed me that the accident was occasioned by the leaders taking one road, and the wheelers another, so, between them both, over they went. 'Powers!' said I, 'what was the coachman about; was he asleep or drunk?' 'Neither,' replied my friend; 'he had nothing to do with it; a young Oxonian was driving.'"

Of this reckless rider was Lord Barrymore, once the boon companion of George, Prince of Wales. Rowlandson has pictured this "fast celebrity," whose mad escapades on the road, as elsewhere, were, like those of the Marquis of Waterford of a later date, the cause of almost universal alarm amongst sober-minded folks. "Lord Barrymore's Phaeton" (the one shown in our picture), says Angelo in his Memoirs, "was a very high one; and after our midnight revels in town I have often travelled in it with him to Wargrave. One very dark night, going through Colnbrook, in the long street called Featherbed Lane, he kept whipping right and left, breaking the windows, delighted with the noise as he heard them crack—this he called 'fanning the daylights.'"

JOSEPH GREGO



PROFESSOR H. G. SEELEY, of King's College, shows that there is still something to be said on a subject which we might well fancy had been worn threadbare. He has written a book, not one of Charles Lamb's *biblia abiblia*, though he has kept pretty well within the old limits of what to eat, drink, and avoid and how to dress yourself. We may feel doubtful about some of his dicta; many parents, for instance, will go on thinking measles, &c., are good things for children to get done with, instead of shielding them most carefully from infection. But every thinker will agree with his regret that the clergy have ceased to preach against silly and harmful fashions in dress, and, with his hint that beer (above all when drunk by cooks) is the real explanation of our barbarous cookery. He is very outspoken on the influence of nurses, "who, if they teach a sound morality, do so with a severe formalism which inspires revolt from its control, often developing fear, engendering concealment, suggesting tolerance of falsehood, &c." Probably, too, "scholarships, and such like moneyallurements, are not an adequate set-off for exhausted nervous energy in the unchosen many;" and undoubtedly the health of England will be as much bettered by proper physical training for our girls as it has been by volunteer drill, the use of the tricycle, &c., among youths. Is it true that the habitual smoker rarely seeks the prizes of life? And is the political unrest of the Irish a matter of diet? The restlessness certainly does not disappear in America under wholly changed food-conditions. But a book is all the better for prompting discussion; and a better contribution to "The People's Library" than "Factors in Life" (S.P.C.K.) it is hard to imagine.

The Rev. F. P. L. Josa's "Apostle of the Indians" (Wells Gardner) is far above the average missionary record. Along with a narrative of the work of the Rev. W. H. Brett, the Guiana Missionary, it contains much valuable folk-lore, &c. It is curious that the Indians don't mind their old barrows being opened, provided the work is done by strangers; in this case the vengeance of the spirits will fall on the workers, not on those who permitted the work. Let us hope these interesting natives are not doomed like so many others.

Mrs. Anne Forbes is the first white woman who ever set foot in New Guinea; and we fancy few, if any, English ladies have been before her in Timur, Timur Laut, and the other islands to which his love of plants and insects took her indefatigable husband. She is careful to explain that she is only a naturalist's wife; but she suffered the lion's share of hardship. To hunt specimens in the interior of Timur with quite a caravan of natives and ponies, and a guide who in parting said, with more than Castilian courtesy: "Madam, have no fear. God will stay with you. If harm comes to your husband it must be over my dead body," must have been child's play compared with living absolutely alone in a hut more than five miles off from Dilly, among rats and nightly robbers (the latter used to come in by day for a friendly chat, and mark what they meant to carry off when it got dark). Mrs. Forbes very nearly died of fever while in this solitary confinement. Fortunately, the authorities in Dilly missed her, and the doctor came and (more important by far) nourishment was sent not an hour too soon. We do not envy Mr. Forbes's feelings when he came back and found his wife had almost been an involuntary martyr to science. Yet it was almost worth being ill to have experienced the kindness of the De Franca family. This kindness was the more valuable as a counterpoise to the cruel churlishness of the Dutch Resident in Amboina. It was only the real goodness of the captain of the Chinese which saved Mr. and Mrs. Forbes from being forced to leave Amboina without a single specimen. When Mrs. Forbes, quite broken down by his offer of a house, &c., covered her face and wept, the dear old man thought she was homesick, and whispered, "You got fazer? You got mozer?" Probably Mrs. Forbes is of the late Lord Strangford's opinion, that the best way of dealing with Orientals is *not* to begin by thrashing them all round. "Insilinde" (Blackwood) will delight all who like fresh scenes described with *verve* as well as freshness.

There is plenty of *verve* in Mr. Gifford Palgrave's essays, reprinted from the *Cornhill*, *Macmillan*, &c., as "Ulysses, or Scenes and Studies in Many Lands" (Macmillan). They also contain, like all their author's writings, much food for thought. Just now, for instance, when Canon Taylor is asserting the super-excellence of Mahometanism, it is important to learn, from so practised an observer,



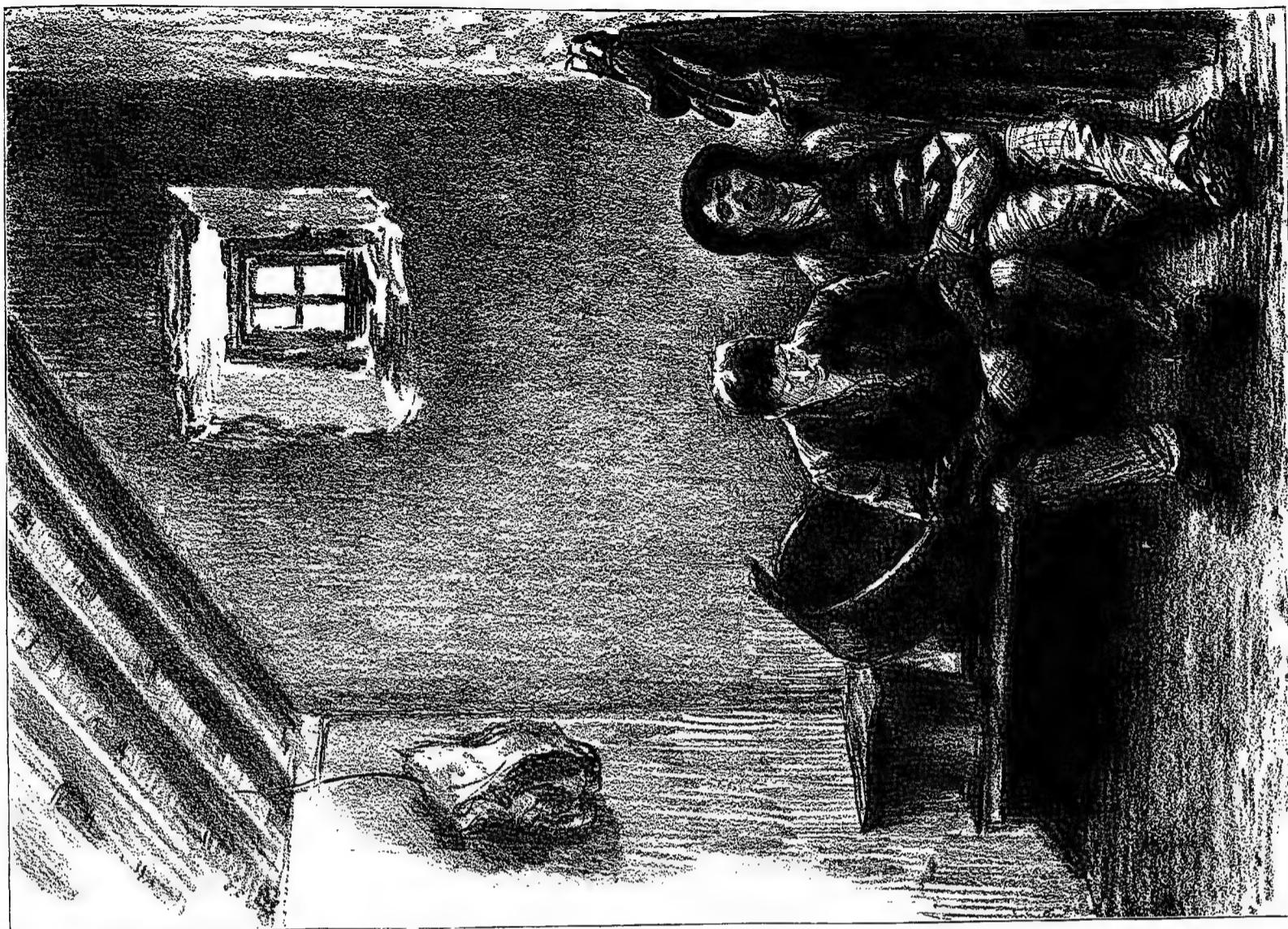
MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., SPEAKING AT A PUBLIC DINNER



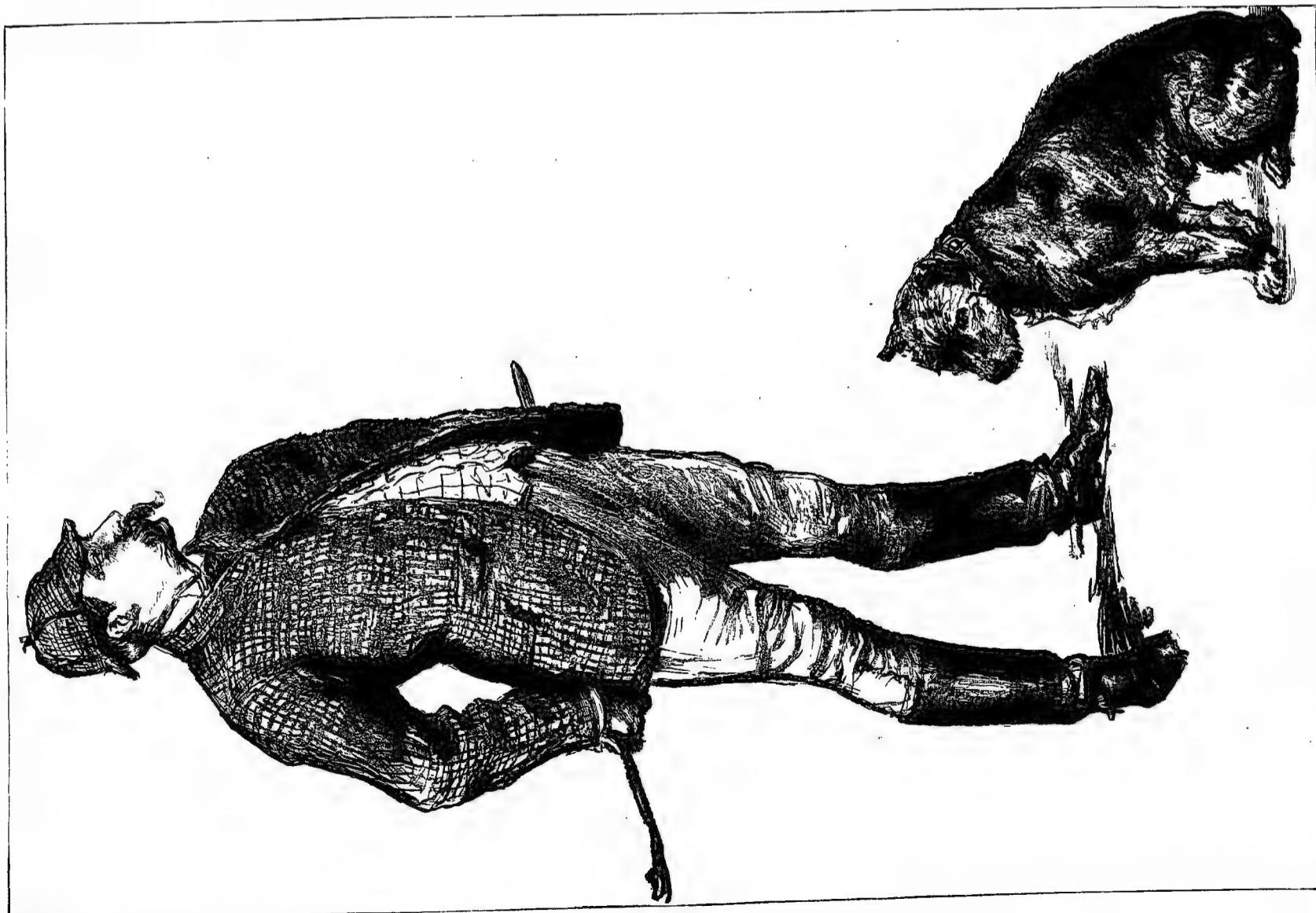
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STUDIES FROM LIFE IN IRELAND--II.
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



A CELL IN A COUNTRY POLICE BARRACKS



STUDIES FROM LIFE IN IRELAND—III.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

A LANDLORD

that "the contrast between the Mahometan and Christian villages in the Philippines is by no means favourable to the former." Family ties are immensely strong among the Malays, hence a Malay-Mahometan is a contradiction. "Orderly children, respected parents, women subject but not suppressed, men ruling but not despotic"—no wonder Mr. Palgrave hopes against hope that the healthy Conservatism of the Philippines may be preserved against progress and improvement. The other essays are equally suggestive. "Phra-Bat" explains Buddhism as taught by its most intelligent votaries, the Siamese, and "Alkamah's Cave" gives a true picture of life in that Arabia which Mr. Palgrave knows better than even Captain Burton does.

"Hermes, a Disciple of Jesus" (Hay Nisbet, Glasgow; E. W. Allen, London), is the record of quite different travels from Mr. Palgrave's. It was received at a series of sittings through a medium (Mr. D. Duguid), and is a sequel to "Hafed, Prince of Persia," published twelve years ago. Hermes goes through Arabia, like a Christian knight-errant, redressing human wrong; and then Anah and Zitha take up the travelling, and get among Druids, Highland tribes, and ships manned by spirits. It is strange for a Caledonian chief to be called Rudolf, but then one expects strange things from a medium. "The unrecorded incidents in the life of Jesus" explain the earlier part of the volume, for among them is recorded the conversion of Hermes himself.

It was time that Irish, or, as it is often called, "Scotic," Art should take its place among the South Kensington Handbooks, and the subject could not have found a worthier exponent than Miss Stokes. Some of our readers may remember the able essay which she prefixed to the late Lord Dunraven's splendid photogravures of early Irish remains. The closing chapter of "Early Christian Art in Ireland" (Chapman and Hall) is in part a reproduction of her theory that round towers were, all Europe over, the earliest type, and that they were "keeps" to churches and monasteries erected under stress of the Norse invasions. Elsewhere, where not replaced by square ones, they are mostly overtopped by subsequent buildings; in Ireland alone the old form has been highly preserved; and there, too, the tower is everything, the buildings little or nothing. Architecture, however, is but a small part of Miss Stokes's book; she treats of metal-work, of illuminations, of sculpture, each belonging to the self-evolved civilisation which in every other part of Europe was crushed out by Christianity, and each showing "the fine artistic instinct of the Irish people." We cannot see why Miss Stokes should not have taken the wider term Celtic, and have included in her book the pre-Christian work common to the British Islands and to Gaul. Enamelling was (as Philostratus says in the "Icones") a specialty of "the barbarians who live by the ocean;" and Christian Art in Ireland retained the old processes and patterns long after they had passed away elsewhere. It would have been convenient to compare a few examples of the earliest Celtic with such developments as the Tara and Ardagh brooches and the Ardagh chalice. Miss Stokes's book is full of examples of exquisite work, of which the modern inhabitant of "Scotia Major" is as incapable as the modern Greek is of emulating the masterpieces of Phidias.

Mr. Romilly Allen, in the lectures republished as "Early Christian Symbolism" (Whiting), takes a wider range than Miss Stokes; and, while many of his examples come from Ireland (he has two chapters on Irish high crosses, besides engravings of tympana, &c.), a large number are also taken from Scottish churches. The chapter on "Celtic Sepulchral Monuments" shows how rich Wales is in crosses (Margam, for instance, and Llanfrynnach in Brecon); while the stone coffin at Govan, near Glasgow, is far the finest specimen of "Scotic" ornamentation. With regard to the cross so generally carved on Irish Ogham stones, Mr. Allen does not notice the tradition that several saints never rested near a pillar-stone without thus Christianising it. The lecture on "Architectural Details of Churches" shows what an unsuspected wealth of Romanesque ornament there is in our smaller churches (such as Kencott and Quenington, in Gloucestershire; Adel, and Grimston, in Yorkshire). We heartily recommend the student of this very interesting branch of Art to take up these books together. One throws light on the other.

Sir F. Pollock, second Baronet, in his "Reminiscences" (Macmillan) begins from the beginning, telling us a good deal of his father's early life in the old legal quarter round Russell Square. The book is full of good stories, many of them just the thing for the *raconteur* to appropriate. Sir Frederick is often tantalising with his list of guests at a dinner, and nothing else; but the dinner with the Merchant Taylors, when the Bishop of Oxford defrauded them of the fine speech he was expected to make, because a Baron was called on to return thanks for the House of Lords, is one of many instances of more satisfactory treatment. So is the record of the dinner at which the wife of a United States Minister, sneezing violently, said to her neighbours: "I hope I didn't splash you." Those who read through these two delightful volumes—and they will be all who are lucky enough to get hold of them—will feel that what Dundas remarked on the writer's first essay in cross-examination may be extended to his literary work.

O patre Pollock
Filius Pollockiorum.

In the Jubilee year it was worth recording that in 1837 Pollock, jun. Spedding, Serjeant Heath, and Edward Fitzgerald (of Omar Khayyám), staying at Heath's house in Surrey, plunged into an open-air bath when the distant cannon told the crowning was taking place, and swam about singing "God Save the Queen."

There is much in Mrs. Booth's "Popular Christianity" (Salvation Army Book Depôt) with which not even the most prejudiced can find fault. What she says about the absurdity of "the feeding system," for instance, "those who look on not being in the slightest degree ruffled by the thought how do these poor creatures live the other 364 days of the year, untroubled by the abject despair of those who are devouring their one good meal," is as true as it is severe. And so is her examination of some of our pet phrases. "The brutal tastes of the lower orders," she truly asks, "how are they worse than those of the man who, with things as they are among the poor, spends, not fourpence, but four shillings, or twice and thrice that sum on a bottle of wine, and from 2d. to 3d. on a dinner for a dozen or two?" Her strictures on fashion, too, are forcible, if not novel. There is teaching, too, in this: "Christ did not 'visit the poor' or 'elevate their sad lot,' or 'hold meetings for the working classes, and walk on His own high path.' He shared His life with them in a holy comradeship." Mrs. Booth is narrowly orthodox; she protests with all her energy against Universalists, Christian Freethinkers, and such like.

Lovers of "Patience"—and they are many—are provided with two new handbooks to their amusement. That of Miss Whitmore Jones (L. Upcott Gill) contains descriptions of thirty-four different games, ranging in difficulty from the "Roll Call" to the "Metternich," which would tax all the ingenuity of its godfather, and the complicated "Fifteen in a Row." Nearly all are furnished with diagrams, which greatly assist the printed explanations.—Most of the games in Lady Adelaide Cadogan's more elaborate work (Sampson Low) are taken from the German, though some, notably the very pretty "Jubilee," probably owe their being to the authoress herself. The illustrations are beautifully executed in colours, and altogether the book is just the present for a "Patience" enthusiast.

Three useful photographic handbooks come from Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho Square. First we have a third edition of "Marion's

Practical Guide to Photography," which still remains the most explicit book on the subject, and contains everything that an amateur photographer need know told in plain, straightforward language.—Next is "The Art of Retouching Negatives and Finishing and Colouring Photographs"—a work which the majority of professionals would do well to study, and learn how to make a portrait pleasing and lifelike, instead of rendering it inane, wooden, and unnaturally smooth and devoid of all character for the sake of producing a good print. Amateurs will find full directions how to remedy faulty negatives without improving upon Nature, and, with careful study, can turn many an hour to advantage when weather or other circumstances make work with the camera itself impossible or unadvisable.—The third book, "Practical Guide to Photographic and Photo-Mechanical Printing Processes," by W. K. Burton, is a most valuable and comprehensive handbook to the various modes by which photographs are now reproduced, either as prints or book illustrations. Like the two preceding works, the various technicalities are explained clearly and lucidly, so that even the most unscientific reader can hardly fail to gather the various principles upon which the numerous processes are based. The work is all the more complete from the insertion of every process known—whether obsolete or in use at the present time; and apart from the various descriptions of Woodbury-type, of photogravure, of stannotype, of photo-lithography, and other printing processes beyond the sphere of the ordinary amateur, much space is devoted to the more simple methods of silver, of platino-type, and of carbon printing, all of which are within the reach of the unprofessional photographer.—Another useful photographic manual is "Photography Simplified,"—a practical treatise for the use of amateurs and professionals, with hints to beginners, published by Messrs. Mawson and Swann, of Soho Square.



W. CZERNY.—A graceful canzonetta is "Marianina," music by V. De Meglio, Italian words by Signor Mottino, the fluent English translation by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. This bright composition has also been arranged as a chorus for three voices, by Charles Oberthür. —A new edition of the popular song "Happy Days," written and composed by Churchill Sibley and Max Schröter, has been published. This is one of the most successful songs of the day.—"Cantilena," for violin, flute, or violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, composed by G. F. Kendall, is a simple and melodious drawing-room piece.—Three fairly good pianoforte pieces for the schoolroom, by A. Ergmann, are "Resignation," "Capriccetto," and "Hungarischer Husaren Marsch."—"Lubinka," a *caprice Polonais* for the piano, by Leonard Gautier, and "Extase," a *fantaisie* for the pianoforte, by Richard Richard, are of the same useful type as the above.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Part 77, Vol. X., of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal*, edited by W. Spark, Mus. Doc., opens with the "Second Movement of Sonata in G," by E. Townshend Drifford, which is quite up to the mark of its clever predecessor. "Pastorale," by F. L. Crompton, is a neatly-written and promising piece by this rising composer. The same may be said of "Postlude," by John Thomas, "Minuet," by Reg. B. Moore, Mus. Bac., Oxon, and "Postlude," by G. Minns. The last-named is the most ambitious of the four. With the exception of the "Sonata," there is nothing very noteworthy in this, the first number of the year.—E. C. Gregory has set to music, with more or less success, six songs, words by Robert Browning. Prettiest of the group are "Apparitions" (4), and "James Lee's Wife" (5).

MESSRS. E. ASCHERBERG AND CO.—"Six Songs" for baritone or mezzo-soprano, music by Arthur W. Marchant, words by various poets, contains a fairly good selection, of which "The Music of the Sea," by F. B. Doveton, and "Bereft," by J. E. C., are the best, and the most likely to win general favour.—Young folks will be charmed with "My Darling's Album—Twelve Silhouettes for the Pianoforte," by G. Lamothe. The frontispieces of Books I. and II. are very quaint; the giant notes of the music make it very easy to read, and the tunes are sure to please the juvenile players.—There is excellent practice to be found in "Moto Perpetuo" for the pianoforte, composed by Leopold Godowsky.—"Third Bourrée in B Minor," for the pianoforte, by L. Balfour Mallett, is a pretty *morceau* for after-dinner execution.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.—"Five Romances for Violin and Pianoforte," by G. A. Macfarren, R.A.M., are highly to be commended; they will prove a very useful addition to the *répertoire* of cultivated players and their audience; the "Andante" in F (No. 3) is the most attractive of the series, which are published in separate numbers.—"Homeward Bound" is a taking march by W. Renshaw; it may well be learnt by heart.'



MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN has taken the name, but not the theme, of the good old ballad, "The Heir of Linne," for that of his latest story (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus). The ballad suggests many obvious adaptations to real life, but Mr. Buchanan has preferred to give us an original story of his own. And an admirable story it is—the only fault we have to find with it is that it has not an original title instead of one with such precise and definite suggestions of a particular plot as that which he has so inappropriately chosen.

His story is exceedingly simple, and, in a peculiar happy manner, its sympathetic character is largely due to its simplicity. The most open of mysteries, the most direct and natural of love stories, the most single-minded and simple-hearted of heroines, obtain in his hands all the qualities of romantic interest. But, like a real artist, he has employed this almost excess of simplicity for a purpose—as a framework for a highly striking piece of complex portraiture. Willie Macgillivray is the real subject and centre of "The Heir of Linne"—a strange and bewildering combination of fanaticism and worldly wisdom, of strong courage and weak will, of prophet and sot, of reverence in feeling and daring in thought and expression. We must say we prefer this extraordinary being in his most pronounced moods, and before an interval of twenty years, combined with what, we fear, was in his case a highly improbable practice of total abstinence, tamed him down into a hermit. But he is a picturesque figure even to the close; and, when fairly launched into his prophetic moods, he is positively sublime in his poetic audacity. One never knows what he is going to say next, beyond that it is certain to be something one never heard before; and his flights of phrase are often as stimulating to the thought as they are exciting to the imagination. That he may be misunderstood is likely enough; but he is worth the understanding.

Mr. Manville Fenn, we think, makes a constant and rapid advance

as a teller of stories: and in "One Maid's Mischief" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey) this advance is conspicuously maintained. It is a novel of adventure, and, as such, will delight younger readers. But it also contains at least one delightful study of character; and that Mr. Fenn has learned how to combine both sources of interest he had already proved in, what still remains his masterpiece, "The Master of the Ceremonies." In "One Maid's Mischief" he has given a charming portrait of a thorough-going coquette, in her light and lively, indeed really natural and innocent way, a sort of *belle dame sans merci*, who, however, passes through perils and adventures enough, in consequence, to convert even a doubly-dyed flirt, if such could be found. For she plays at fire, at last, with a Malay potentate, who does not see it by any means in the light of play. Her adventures, and those of the multitudinous owners of the heads she has turned, provide both exciting and amusing reading—for Mr. Fenn is never without a vein of humour, and always has an air of laughing a little at his own creations. This quality enables him to indulge safely in extravagances of incident and situation which require a touch of humour to support them. The greater part of his scene is laid around Penang: so that he has plenty of scope for a freedom of action of which he has taken full advantage. In short, he has told a capital story, not without the suggestion of a moral for young women conscious of owning dangerous eyes.

"Mohammed Benani" (1 vol.: Sampson Low and Co.), is the work of an anonymous author, who evidently has misgoverned in Morocco, and the secret springs of the diplomacy inseparably connected with it, at the ends of his fingers. It is a subject of great importance; and it is unfortunate, therefore, that Mohammed Benani fails to make it anything but uninteresting to the last extreme. Indeed, no reader, without some special knowledge, could ever make out from these pages what it is that created such a stir among a lot of puppets and shadows. Had the author published a solid work on the state of Morocco, without any element of clairvoyance to discredit his facts for ordinary minds, he would no doubt have done good service for which he is obviously well qualified.

We cannot quite make out whether Maxwell Fox, when writing "Born in the Purple" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), had a real appreciation of the Imperial epithet, "Porphyrogenitus." It certainly scarcely seems applicable to the members of an impoverished county family of no special pretensions. But there can be no doubt about his (or her) appreciation of manly beauty. The hero is "tall and strong, and nobly proportioned as a Greek athlete;" he is, moreover, "a graceful, stalwart fellow, with the straight facial lines, perfect lips and chin, of a marble Greek divinity." "He stood on the landing, looking as handsome as the sun-god of the Greeks," and "his great personal beauty always smote upon her (the heroine's) senses like a grand sonata." This latter touch transcends comment, and renders it all the more disappointing that the first utterance of this sonata in marble should be nothing more than "a beastly dull day," thus calling to the mind the story of Coleridge and "Them's the jockeys for I." A still more special feature of the novel is the interest excited by Maxwell Fox's pursuit of synonyms for the verb "to wear." As what everybody had on has always to be described (usually lace over satin, with a high ruff), a certain amount of ingenuity was needed to avoid monotony. So at one time a lady is "appareled," at another "attired," at another "costumed," and so on. We think, however, that we have by this time fully enabled readers to judge for themselves whether "Born in the Purple" is likely to attract them.

"The Jewels of Prince de Janville," by "Almhain" (1 vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), appears to be the work of an unpractised hand, which, however, shows capacities for improvement. The subject, a jewel robbery, combined with the consequences of the possession of an unlucky ring, belongs to a class of plot which requires exceptional originality to give it freshness; and the gipsy element, of which where is a good deal, seems taken rather from romances and lexicons than from observation.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE has long since established his right to be considered as, in some sense, the laureate of the humbler classes of the community, and worthily upholds it in "Poor Folks' Lives: Ballads and Stories in Verse" (Simpkin, Marshall). Some of the contents will be already familiar to the reader as having before now seen the light in sundry periodicals, but the pieces are none the less welcome on reproduction. No living writer of homely verse has surpassed—few have equalled—the author in the realisation of the joys and sorrows of the poor. His ballads have that quaint mixture of humour and pathos which makes the interest so essentially human, whilst every now and then we are startled and delighted by some touch of genuine poetry, as when the speaker in that bitter, but powerful piece, "Pratt's Conversion," tells the sceptic that—

This life as we all on us lives to-day—
Is just a tuning the violin
For the strain that is to play.

There is no lack of plain-speaking sometimes, e.g., the "Street Sermon," to a startling degree, but there is no irreverence; it is only that Mr. Langbridge is too true, and too much in earnest to mince matters where such serious interests are at stake. The chief topic insisted upon is the evil of excess in drink, "Ned Ridgeway's Escape" is a good example, and would be effective as a recitation; but other evils are attacked, such as the love of dress, in "The Ladies' Devil," the crime of reckless early marriages among the poor, and, in that capital story, "Teddy O'Teague," the boycotting system. Simpson's comment on the "unemployed" is worth noting,—

Unless a man will help himself,
He can't be helped at all.

And there is a good song, amongst several others, with the refrain, "Let us make a beginning at home." Undoubtedly the most powerful thing in the book is "Jeanie's Martyrdom"; but it is too horrible, and we hardly see what good end can be answered by its publication. It would take too long to notice all the excellencies of the little volume, but we may draw special attention to the story of "Joe and the Lost Dog," to "Blind Boy's Bridge," and to "The Great Frost"—an admirable lesson of charity.

The common apology for juvenile work prefaces "Lays and Lyrics," by Arthur A. D. Bayldon (George Bell and Sons). It is doubtless true that these schoolboy exercises were not worth giving to the world; but, since Mr. Bayldon was so well aware of the fact, why did he publish them? As might have been expected in the work of an enthusiastic lad of cultivated tastes, we find impassioned appeals to Poland, verses on Chatterton, and attempts at religious and mystical drama, which show that the writer has, at least, read his Byron. Still, there are not wanting signs, as in the "Song of the Wind," that he may, with care, produce some good work; but he will do well to remember that the ordinary rules of English grammar are not set aside by the demands of prosody.

There is not much to be said about "Sonnets and Other Poems," by William G. Griffith (Digby and Long). There is a crudity of versification which seems to stamp them as juvenile efforts. We advise the author to leave off writing for a time, and study good models. Also to be more careful in his rhymes: "Down" is not the equivalent in sound of "gone," nor "o'er" of "poor."

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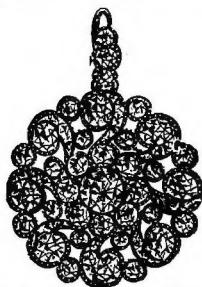
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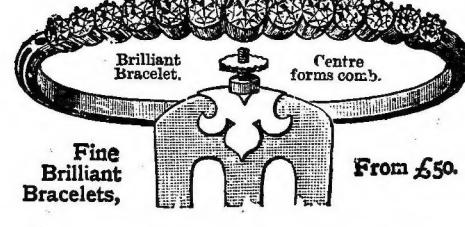
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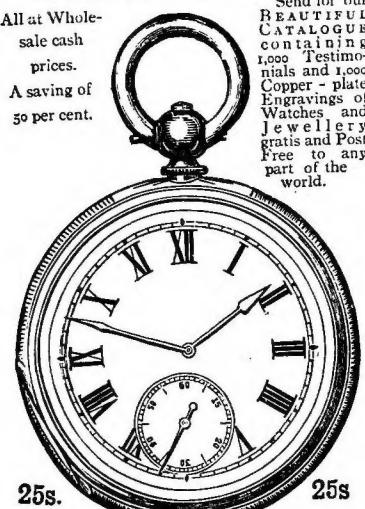
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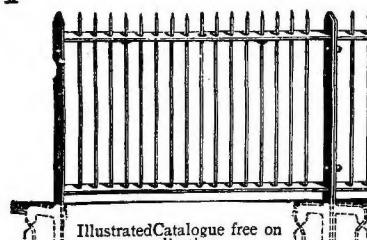
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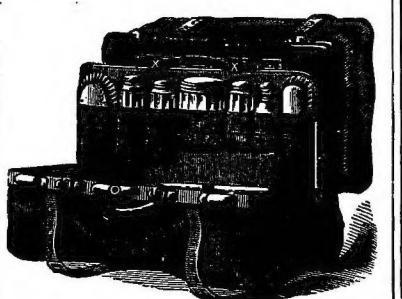
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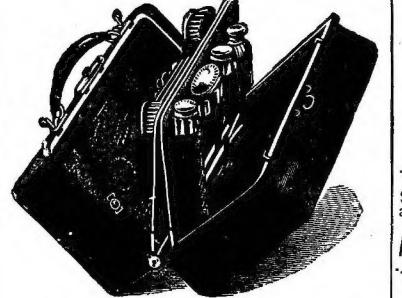
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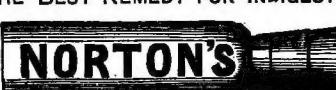
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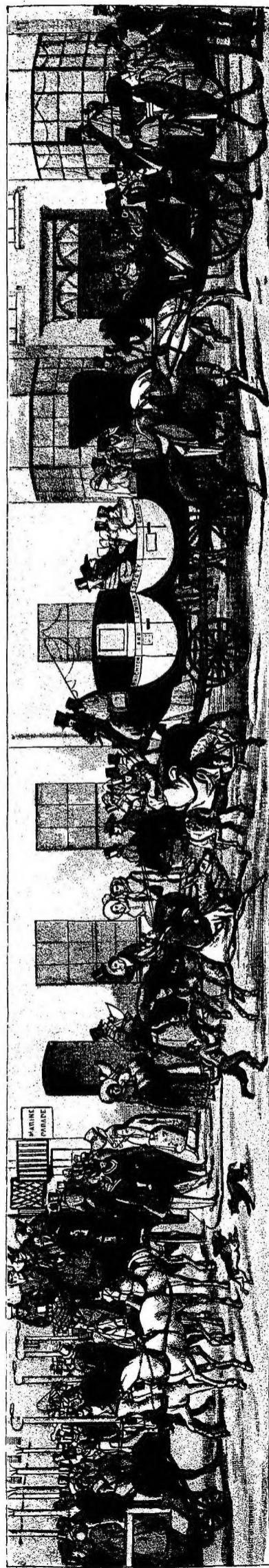
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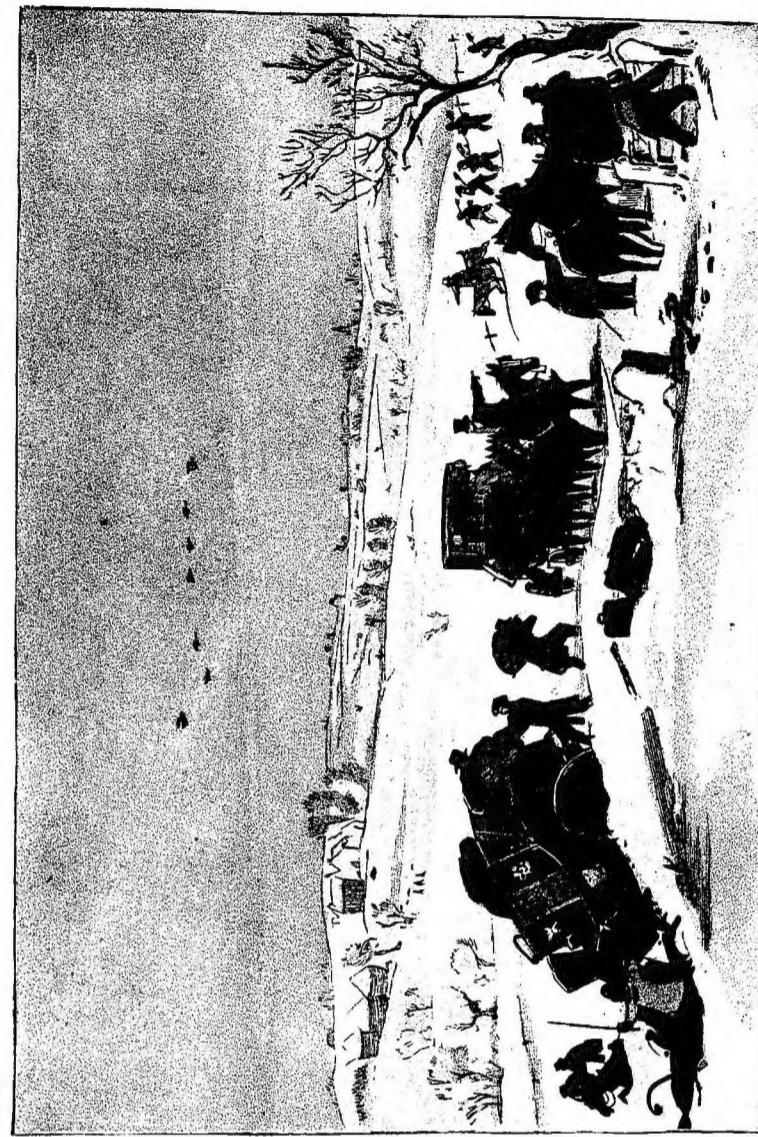
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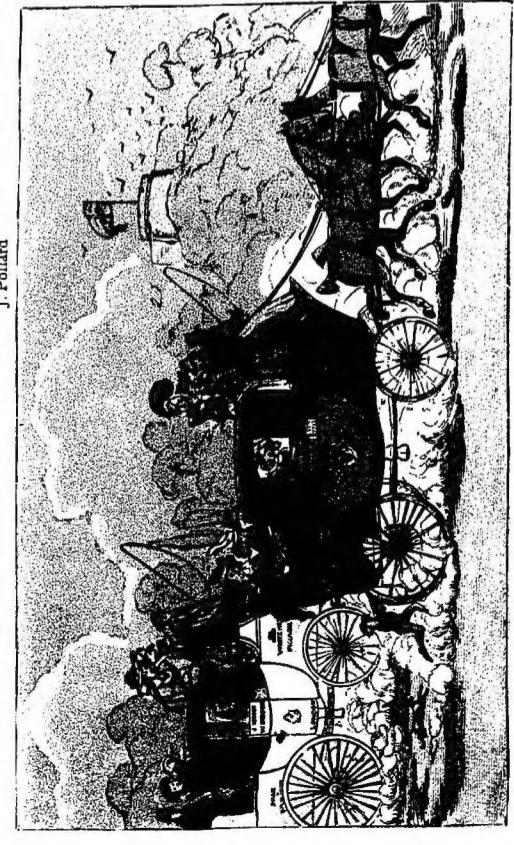
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